Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum

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Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Let's see—we believe there's an exposition of some sort in progress in New Orleans.

A monument will be erected to the memory of McCollough.

When will the cold waves come? is the ice-man's question.

It is now said that the wealth of the late William H. Vanderbilt was $305,000,000.

The Mormons are still going to jail. Good thing for society, but rough on the jail.

Speaker Carlisle has got sick over the committees. The country is threatened with a similar attack.

The Dolphin's whistle is half an octave above the pitch called for in the contract. Blow the rascals out!

Mexico has a big volcano in full operation. The New Orleans Exposition ought to borrow this novelty.

The establishment of a college in which to educated men to fill diplomatic positions is now urged as a necessity.

The trial trip of Roach's good ship Dolphin was a success. This fact did not give Whitney a very happy New Year.

The next time Mr. Cleveland wants to write a letter on the venality of journalism he should hire a boy to restrain him.

Commissioner Black claims to have discovered a colossal fraud in the Pension Office. He must have been staring at a mirror.

Take Dakota into the Union of States either entire or divided, as suits the people of that Territory. Of course, you should Take-ota.

The Ohio Legislature organized by electing John Entrikin to be speaker of the House and Senator O'Neal to the presidency pro tem of the senate.

San Franci-cans boast of fresh strawberries with their New Year's turkey, but they have to get their oysters, when they want good ones, from the stormy Atlantic coast.

They are having lively times in the Ohio Legislature this week. The bogus members will probably be admitted to the House, but those who try to get into the Senate will be turned out.

The McKeever well, near Oil City from whence blazing gas issues, renders the air near it so warm that it brings forth vegetation. So says a dispatch, though we don't fully credit the statement.

Ransom, a prominent New York gambler, and Prof. Draper, a prominent New York scientist, died last week. The obituary notices written about Ransom occupied most space in the New York papers. Perhaps that was to be expected.

It is a significant fact that Democratic Senators are fighting their President, when Congress is yet only two weeks old. Senator Eustis of Louisiana declared against him long ago, as will be remembered, and others are waiting to oppose some of his nominations in secret session.

The Democrats think that there may be justice in Dakota's claim for admission to the Union, provided Montana should also be admitted. The peculiar "justice" of this proposition is based on the fact that while Dakota has more than twice the population of Montana, the majority in Montana are believed to be Democratic.

The relations between Secretary Bayard and Congressman A. G. Curtin are said to be "strained." We do not know whether they speak when they pass by or not. It is feared that this coolness will prevent our able and accomplished representative from being honored with appointment to the position of Chairman of the committee on foreign affairs.

The Passing Years.

While we are resting midway between the two great holidays—the one that marks the outgoing, the other that marks the incoming year—reaching the hand in adieu to the one and extending the hand of welcome to the other, we feel constrained to devote a little time to reflection, in the hope that we may bring some profit into our own heart and life, and that we may awaken some interest and the renewal of good resolves and purposes in the hearts and minds of our readers.

At this period how sensibly we are made to realize the flight of time, how the years seem to be passing on and by with ever quickening steps—how the ever-flowing stream bears on its surface the great and the good, the noble and the ignoble, all ages and all classes, carrying them alike all onward to the same dark, mysterious goal, into the ocean of the Unknown. Yea,

"Time is ever on the wing—another year
Is an added trophy to his fleet career."

And many a heart must feel to repeat the sentiment of the poet:

"We come forth from the dreadful unknown,
Where the bars of eternity close,
And we hasten through life the streams that flow on
To the fountain from whence they arose.
We rise 'till ambition looks light,
On th blessed ali halo of home;
When new pleasures to seek, or new treasures to get,
To the four winds of heaven our faces we set.
But we'll meet where the past generations have met,
For we're all on the march to the tomb."

In taking a retrospective view of the past year we discover that Time has been constantly engaged in his usual work of creating and destroying. He has withdrawn happiness from the hearths and hearts of some, and conferred the rich boon upon others. With some he created hopes only to be blighted, desires only to be destroyed, and anticipations only to be blasted. When they looked for pleasure he brought them sorrow, when they expected felicity without alloy he gave them unmixed misery; and the stone of worldly selfishness and unconcern he brought to many stricken ones who were crying for the bread of charity and human love. And yet to others has time during this year brought unlooked for happiness, and many a despondent soul has been crowned with joy and gladness.

And now, as we stand in the last hours of the fading year we feel constrained to say to 1885: Go on, fold thy wings and hide thyself forever in the shadows of oblivion; more as a friend than an enemy can we bid thee fare well.

How many of life's mingled scenes of pleasure and regret, of joy and grief, thou hast folded in thy bosom to bear with thee into the past, and where naught but memory can follow. To the youthful and the gay, to the aged and infirm, thou hast alike been the bearer of evil and the almoner of good. Then hast ruthlessly destroyed many of the brightest castles of our hope and imagination, and by way of remuneration aided us in building others for our successors to destroy. And in truth we may say that thou, 1885, hast taught us much of what the world calls wisdom, and that thy lessons of instruction have not been altogether in vain.

No! many of thy teachings will live in our memory, will breathe in the inmost recesses of our hearts when thou hast faded from our recollection like an untold dream. Scenes of thine will re-occur, will flash upon the mental vision vivid as the lightning that plays in the Summer clouds at twilight—scenes of joy and scenes of sorrow.

Some new associates hast thou furnished us, while thou hast torn others away who were dearly and warmly beloved. All things have received the mark of thy wasting touch and felt the influence of thy destroying breath. To the aged and decrepit thou hast added a wrinkle, putting them kindly in remembrance that their days are numbered; while thou hast reminded the young of thy power by taking many of their number with thee into the chambers of silence.

Of one thing thou hast not bereft us—a possession which no stroke of the Scythe of Time can cut from the human heart, a gem which the passing years can never sully, a plant which their frosts will never chill, and this is Hope, the Hope which "springs eternal in the human heart." This is the anchor which holds us firm while the floods of the years roll by. So, having this we can willingly part with thee, 1885; but without this we should hymn thy requiem in sad and mournful tones. Go, therefore, 1885, freighted with all thou canst take from us, and we will reach to thee the parting hand as we should to some strange guest whose departure would awaken mingled emotions of pleasure and regret.

Now, we cry all hail to the dawning of 1886. We give thee joyful welcome in the hope that thou wilt come laden with richest blessing to mankind.

Although it may be a very trite saying that the commencement of a *New Year* is a most fitting time for serious reflection, yet we trust our readers will believe with us that the great lessons suggested by the passing years cannot be too urgently pressed upon our attention.

The moral nature of man seems to be set in harmony with nature, and it is but natural we should enter upon a new year in our life's history with new resolves, that should affect the finer sentiments of the heart, and the higher principles of the mind.

Beginning with the year every person should strive to live better for the future than he has in the past. The great object of our existence should be to promote our own and others' happiness, and, therefore, we should engage in every laudable work that will tend to advance the interests and welfare of mankind.

As citizens of a free Republic our patriotism should be pure and unsullied. As members of society we should respect the rights of others. As reasonable and responsible beings we should rigidly abstain from intemperance, profanity, and from all species of iniquity, and seek only that which shall dignify and ennoble our natures.

"Has fortune strewed thy flowery path
with rich and precious gems,
Oh, hoard them not with miser care
like kingly diadems;
But to the needy, suffering poor, the lonely
widowed heart,
A portion of thy worldly goods with
cheerfulness impart,
And thy bread upon the waters cast
shall return to bless thy store,
With wealth that gold can never buy, and
Without which kings are poor."

Hiram Torrey.

New York, Dec. 28th, 1885.

Sudden Deaths.

We do not know what strange and psychological conditions obtain to produce sudden deaths. Whether caused by unknown element in the atmosphere, from electric influences, or by our modern methods of business and social life we cannot tell; but we do known that the country is startled almost every day by the announcement that some noted personage has been suddenly called away to the bourne from which no man returns. The increase of sudden deaths during the past few months has been really alarming, and has given rise to much speculation as to the cause, or causes, of such calamity.

It is asserted by physicians, and by other men of intelligent observation, that the peculiar American methods of business, and the continuous tax made upon the brain of our learned and professional classes, tend to such ending of human life.

We work faster and gain more hours to business, we think more intensely, and spend more enthusiasm in our work, than the people of any other nation.

Social distinction is gained in this country by wealth, therefore we must get wealth; it is gained by attaining to office and high positions, therefore we must get office; it is gained by literary and art success, therefore we must reach success.

From the humblest position in life the avenues are open to reach all our highest places of trust and honor. So, eternal, ceaseless striving for the yet unattained has become a prominent characteristic of the American people. The brain and nerve force is kept at its utmost speed, and when it gives out the machinery of human life falls to pieces like the crash of a train of cars when the locomotive suddenly loses its directing power.

If we could adopt more quiet habits, think and study with less intensity, and be satisfied with slower methods of business, and slower accumulation of wealth, and would devote more time to innocent social recreation; and if we could give more attention to economy in the household, and institute a reform in the manner of living, as to what we shall eat and wherewithal be clothed, we have no doubt our active business and professional men would find themselves less afflicted with nervous diseases and irritability of temper, and that they would gradually grow into the calm and peaceful conditions that tend to longevity, and best assure happy lives. H. T.

A Theory about Cleveland.

Among the comments made about Cleveland by the newspapers the following from the Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader* strikes us as among the most curious and, when we come to think about it, it has much semblance of truth. The *Leader* says:

Had he formulated a scheme to ruin the Democratic party, to swamp the Republicans, and to build up a third new great party, of which he should himself be the head, his actions would not have been different than they are to-day. With such a scheme in his brain, fearing the opposition of his party in the Senate, he takes its three greatest Democratic leaders, Bayard, Garland, and Lamar, into his Cabinet, and makes them a part of his administration. If they are wise and able he gets the credit of their actions. He robs them of the power of being active competitors against him for a renomination, and he leaves in the Senate no Democrat of enough ability to figure as a Presidential possibility. Next, understanding the divisions which exist in the Democratic party, he throws firebrands among them in the shape of the provisions of his message. Knowing that they will fight among themselves and ruin themselves upon the rocks of opposing beliefs, he upholds to a certain extent the civil service rule at Washington, knowing that the majority of his enemies in his own party are kept in public life for the sake of the patronage which they can parcel out for their constituents. His message is so nearly Republican in many respects that he hopes to get a sort of Republican support, and it may be that he will wheel around more and more until he becomes the half way man upon which the discountented of both parties can unite. This, I say, may be Cleveland's scheme. If it is, he will fail, for the time is not ripe, and he is not a big enough man to lead such a movement.

We are glad that Cleveland is trying to pose as a sort of Democratic-Republican mugwump. We are glad, too, to be assured by the *Leader* that his efforts to organize a new party will end in failure.

Prayer for Prohibition.

The W. C. T. U. of this country is congratulating itself very much on the fact that on Friday of this week prayers will be made in all evangelical churches for the cause for Prohibition. This subject is included in the list of topics appointed for the week of prayer by the Evangelical Alliance, the topic for Friday, January 8, reading as follows:

"Prayer for rulers and all in authority; for the spread of justice and peace; for the defeat of malicious plots and conspiracies; for the manifestation of a Christian spirit between employers and employed; for the removal of all race and sectional prejudices; *for the abolition of the traffic in slaves opium and intoxicating drinks, and all other immoral trades and practices;* for a favorable reception of Christian missionaries by heathen rulers and peoples; and for the coming of Christ in His kingdom.—I Tim. ii, 1-6; Psa xi; II Tim. iii; II Thess. ii; Psa. lxxii; Rom. xiii, 1 8; Psa. xxix; Matt. xxiv. 29 51."

Frances E. Willard, the President of the Nat, W. C. T. U.—and a lady whom we would be pleased to have brought to Bellefonre to lecture under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.—has given some instruction in regard to the proper way to observe the occasion. She has sent to this office an extended description of her plan of which we copy only the following, as especially applicable to small towns:

It is suggested that each local union decide by vote whether it will join in the union services of the churches or hold a separate meeting. In many instances it will be best to adopt the first plan, especially in villages and towns where it might not be practicable to sustain a separate service. But even when such a service is not held, the W. C. T. U. reading room is sometimes, owing to its central location, the place best suited for the union meeting, and if so, the pastors could be readily induced to hold it there.

The appropriateness of so doing was never more manifest than this year, when the Alliance has been led by the Spirit of God acting upon the growing enlightenment of its members, to give us a series of subjects for prayer, showing warm sympathy with humanity's every day needs. When we pray for "the employed," our meeting should be held where they can most readily gather and will feel most at home. When we pray for "the abolition of the liquor traffic," it will be well if we are so near the dram shops that our fervor is stirred by the dreadful object lesson they afford; and when we sing,

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,"

their denizens should be near enough to catch at least an echo of the ominous sound. Uniting with the church meetings need be no barrier against carrying out our own program, only in that case it will not be done as a union, but through individual members. The society will do well to appoint different ladies to speak briefly or to pray about the various topics given by the Alliance.

Bring Them Here.

We understand that the Singer Sewing Machine Company is looking for a new location for their works. This company is the most famous among sewing machine companies in the world. From 3,000 to 5,000 men are employed by the company. This may be an opportunity for the Bellefonte Board of Trade to distinguish itself by inducing this company to locate here. What a grand event it would be for Bellefonte to have such an immense institution as this settle down in our midst. Why, it would wake us all up in a minute! Just think—the employes of this company would be sufficiently numerous to double the population of our town. The company is very rich and would be the means of circulating much ready money throughout the town and neighborhood. It would also add to the fame of Bellefonte, as the Singer machine is a famous one. We really don't suppose that the company will locate here, but it would certainly be appropriate to ask them to do so, and if there are any advantages that Bellefonte can offer let them be presented with all the eloquence and power that the secretary of the Board of Trade can infuse into his epistle.

The Edmunds law for the extermination of the worst features of Mormonism has been vigorously enforced during the past year, with the result that nearly all the chief Saints are in the penitentiary or in hiding. It is the opinion of those on the ground, however, that the snake is only scotched, not killed, and that Congress must enact a still more stringent law before the curse can be wiped out. The Mormons are said to be as defiant as ever, and actively engaged in plots to snare the Federal officials and leading Gentiles in violations of the law. They have thus far been taken in their own toils, and as their little game is understood, are not likely to accomplish their purpose.

The fun may be said to have begun in Upper Egypt, and the picturesque reporter of great battles to be getting in his work. General Stephenson, who arrived at Kassala with large reinforcements, attacked the rebels, 7,000 strong, in a village near that place an defeated them, killing twenty in one house. The strength of the British is not given. One British officer was killed and twenty wounded. It was a mere skirmish in the mind of the reporter evidently, and the force of the British not a matter of importance.

One of the Bible writers, in a moment of impatience, exclaimed "All men are liars." The same condition of impatience and vexation must have influenced President Cleveland the other day when he wrote in a letter to Mr. Joseph Keppler that all newspapers are addicted to the same vice as is ascribed by the Bible writer to men. This is terrible when we consider that Holy Writ also says that the Devil is the father of them all.

Col. Robert Ingersoll has been the subject of considerable talk at the hands of the National Labor League. At the recent League Congress, an important attraction was a lecture by the fluent Colonel Bob. The League now charges the versatile Colonel with having taken all of the proceeds, and in return the Colonel stoutly denies any knowledge of the money.

Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, of Harrisburg, has been asked to resign for preaching one of Talmage's sermons. The sentence is too severe. That preacher should have credit for greater courage than the man that attempted, last week, to walk out of Talmage's hall with Talmage's overcoat on while Talmage's wife was looking at him.

China is about to spend $175,000,000 in building some railroads. Yet some folks cannot understand why Jay Gould has withdrawn from Wall Street preparatory to making an extended yacht cruise.

Representative Foran gives it as his opinion that the salary of Congressmen ought to be $10,000. Paying some of them $10,000 a year to stay at home might be economy.

It is the height of hypocrisy for Governor Hoadley, of Ohio, to say as he did in his recent message to the Legislature—"We must have honest elections."

There's a blizzard in the West and it is coming this way.

GENERAL NOTES.

The average age of the British peer is 58.

St. Louis will soon have a 12-story building.

Petroleum has been struck near Parkham, Ont.

A gold mine in Mayfield, Fulton county, N. Y., yields ore worth $32.25 per ton.

A crematory for the incineration of human bodies is shortly to be erected at Chicago.

In Butte, Cal., the newspaper rivalry is so strong that the county printing is done for nothing.

A winter carnival, modeled after those held in Montreal, will be held at Halifax next month.

Fourteen damage suits of $100,000 each have been brought against the Plymouth (Pa.) Water Co.

Prof. William Dale, Cornell College instructor, swung Indian clubs four hours and fifty minutes.

The Mound City (Ill.) Hotel and Opera-house were destroyed by fire on Saturday. Loss, $10,000.

A line of steamers has been established between Havana and New Orleans, Colon and Costa Rica.

United States Treasurer Jordan took personal charge of the sub-treasury at New York on Saturday.

Moody began a series of evangelistic meetings at Montreal on Saturday. The services were largely attended.

Gambling in stocks is said to be a good deal more prevalent among the women of Chicago than it ought to be.

The Dolphin has returned to Fort Monroe from her trial cruise. She encountered severe gales while out.

John F. Fogarty, of Philadelphia, and Jack Dempsey will fight for $2,500 within six weeks, place not yet chosen.

In Paris the theatrical managers are obliged to keep up the free list, which takes $300,000 a year from their purses.

Thirty deaths from small-pox occurred in Montreal and suburbs last week, against thirty-seven the previous week.

Reports from different postoffices throughout the country indicate that Christmas cards are going out of fashion.

The completeness of the work done by the earlier astronomers is shown by the fact, recently stated, that out of the 6 000 or more nebulæ now know the Herschels had discovered 5,000.

An examination of a choked sewer in Maryville, Cal., the other day revaled that the trouble was caused by several bushels of bottle stoppers. How such a quantity got there is a mystery.

Edward Slocum, of New Richmond, Mich., received in pay as a soldier the first $1 greenback issued, marked Series A, No. 1, and dated August 1, 1862, and he still has the bill in his possession.

The new balloon constructed by the Meudon aeronauts will be directed by a steam engine, as directed M. Henry Giffard. Electricity will be given up, owing to its want of power for continuous action.

Contagious diseases have excited the people of Fairhaven Miss., to such a degree that the horse cars carry two bags of camphor as disinfectants, one at each end, placed there by the Board of Health.

The biggest ruby of the crownless King Thebaw is missing. It was called the Man-zin-Budda-mya. Once a damsel stole the gem, but at that time it was restored to the royal lock-box and the hapless maid was put to death.

Among the requests received last week at the document room of the House of Representatives was one from a Western citizen, who wanted a complete set of the *Congressional Record*, from its first numbers, and another from an Ohio man wanting a new revolver.

A thief stuck fast in a chimney in an attempt to enter the store of Robert Pugh & Co., about nine miles from Wilmington, N. C. A fire kindled by Mr. Pugh made his condition unbearable, and his yells for help brought the whole town out of bed. He was extricated by the use of a windlass and landed in jail.

New York aldermen have passed an ordinance providing that all car drivers shall be 21 years of age, and shall have been a resident of the State for one year and of the city for four months, before he can obtain a license, for which $1 must be paid. A penalty of $25 is provided for a violation of the ordinance.

An experiment is being tried at Portsmouth, in England, with the object of determining the practicability of applying liquid fuel as a steam generator to men of war. The fuel consists of creosote, which is procurable at a penny a gallon. So far the system has proved superior to others previously tried, and it is believed that the difficulties in the way of the use of liquid fuel are in a fair way of being overcome.

A "haunted" vessel, for which the owners find it almost impossible to ship a crew, is, says a dispatch from Boston, lying at the Iron Works dock, at Somerset, deserted by everybody save a colored cook. Her captain was killed some ten days ago, but his orders, members of the crew say, were not discontinued on that account, especially at night, when the men were trying to get their sleep. Hence the story. The offer of $5 a night fails to secure a night watchman for the vessel.

A retired newspaper man tells of a pleasing experience with Mr. Vanderbilt: "I went to interview Mr. V.," he says, "and the big man was smilingly silent. 'Surely you wouldn't hinder a newspaper man making a few dollars,' I said to him facetiously. 'A talk from you is worth a great deal; I made a handsome sum out of my first interview with you.' 'Well, by George; I like a man who can make money out of me,' said the railway king. 'It takes a smart man to do it; fire away with your questions.'"

Poetry.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

"The brightest rose from some near bower
Bring me," the mother said,
"And you shall have this fair young flower
To be your own—to wed."

He wandered long, he wandered late
On that bright Christmas day;
But found no rose. "O, bitter fate!"
These words he oft would say.

In many a dale, on many a slope,
In vain he made his quest;
The sun was well nigh set and hope
Was dying in his breast.

"Oh! woe is me that frost winds blow,"
He said, "this Christmas day,
And roses bloom not in the snow!"
Yet kept he on his way.

Until aweary, sad and lone
He felt a strange spell creep
Around him and a vision shone
Upon him in his sleep.

The fairest face in all the land
Beamed from a snow-bound bower—
The sweetest smile, the daintiest hand;
He saw life's brightest flower.

A REVERIE RUDELY BROKEN.

Maiden in a hammock swings,
Where the elm its shadow flings;
Overhead the robin sings,
And the honey bees are humming.

Dreaming is the maiden fair
Of a youth with princely air,
Handsome, rich and debonair,
Who to claim her hand is coming.

Building castles fair is she,
Swinging in a reverie,
While the robin merrily
Trills his tuneful lay above her.

Now has come the wedding day;
She is decked in fine array,
And to church she takes her way
With her rich and princely lover.

But a voice the stillness breaks;
Ah, the discord that it makes!
And the maiden fair awakes
From her reverie delicious,

'Tis her pa. Her dreams take wing.
Hear him: "Hannah, leave that swing.
Come right in, you lazy thing,
And help your mother wash the dishes."

A FABLE.

A lady birch grew on a lofty hill-top,
Straight branched and smooth and fair;
Her green leaves fluttered in the dancing sunshine,
And wooed the balmy air.
And she had scores of lovers; oak and chestnut,
The stately linden and the clinging vine—
All whispered love; but one loved her was silent
A gnarled and knotted pine.
The Summer days were long and she was happy,
Coqueting with the linden and the oak,
While at a distance the pine yearning, watched her,
But silence never broke.
The years passed by; the lady's beauty faded,
Her young twigs withered, and her branches shaged,
The oak and linden long since had forgot her,
And all her lovers lagged.
But still the gnarled pine loved her just as truly
As when her happy prime
Had dressed her out in all her gayest beauty,
Unsecred by grim old Time
A fable? Yes; but you to whom I write it
Can read between each line
The meaning of the legend I have written,
Of lady birch and pine.

WILL TRUCKENMILLER.

Our Story Teller.

The Secret of the Stradivarius.

[Concluded.]

As he entered, the lovers sprang to their feet; then, covering her face with her hands, the girl sank upon a chair. While her companion raced the newcomer with an air as haughty as his own, and words of scorning, of contempt, of shaming, of defiance, were hurled from man to man. True, I heard them not—all the phantasmagoria came before me in dumb show; but the varied tones of the violin told me all that passed between the two men as truly as though their voices smote upon my ear; and, as the wild music culminated in a fierce *crescendo* of thrilling power, the two men grappled in their rage, and the girl sprung to her feet and ran wildly to the door.

For a moment all grew misty, and the phantom actors of my vision were hidden from my sight. When they reappeared, I saw the young Frenchman quitting the room, with blood trickling down his pale cheek; and as, with a look of undying hate on his face, he closed the door behind him, the room and all faded from my sight.

But no pause in the music; still those weird notes weaving the mystic spell that chained me. Leaving me no time to reflect on what I had seen, but enforcing my attention to the drama acted before me, the fiery *crescendo* sank in a dull sullen theme, almost colorless when compared with the foregoing numbers; then, as with dissolving views, where one scene grows through another that fades, I began to realize that I looked into another room—one very different from the first.

It was evidently, from the slanting roof and small window, an attic, and its contents spoke of poverty. A bedstead with threadbare hangings occupied one corner, and in the center, at a square table littered with sheets of music, sat the young Frenchman. His brow was contracted, and the wound yet fresh on his cheek. He was writing, and through the medium of the music I knew the purport of his epistle as well as if I had looked over his shoulder. It was a challenge—a challenge which, he stated, his late antagonist dare not decline, as the writer was of even more noble family than the man who had insulted him.

Having written the letter, he rose and paced the small room, deep in thought. As his steps went backward and forward across the limited space—as his thoughts grew black with hate as he remembered the insult he had suffered, or grew bright with love as he pictured the fair girl who had pledged herself to him—so truthfully did the delicate gradations of the music harmonize with them that I could feel every emotion stirring his heart, at times almost identifying myself with him—making his joy, his sorrow, mine.

After what seemed to be hours, he took up the violin that lay on the table near him, and commenced playing. As before, I say, whether Luigi's hands produced it or not, the sound came from him; and as he played, the music, at first fierce, stern and harsh, gradually toned down until it became dreamy and lulling—until at last he threw himself on his poor bed, and Luigi's violin resumed the strain—the soft, soothing measure I have before mentioned, telling of placid sleep.

Another change—hard, sharp, *staccato* passages. I was now looking—it might be from a window—on a wide expanse of smooth green turf. As before, the scene was so real, so material, that I might have stepped out onto the sward. There was nothing in the locality which I could identify. A wall and some palings, I remember, were on the left hand; a belt of trees on the right. As I looked, I saw figures at some little distance. Two [illegible] engaged in a deadly duel. They were not so far away but I could plainly distinguish their features; and I knew they were those of the two men whom I had seen grapple in the room. As their slender, flashing blades twined in and out like serpents—as they thrust and parried, advanced and retreated—the mysterious music entered fully into the fray, accompanying every stroke, until, as the arm of one of the combatants sank by his side, helpless—pierced by his antagonist's blade—it swelled to a strain of exultation.

It was the Englishman who was wounded; and as the sword dropped from his grasp, his opponent with difficulty checked the impulse urging him to drive his weapon through his unguarded breast; then, seeing his foe was quite unable to renew the combat, bowed with cold politeness, sheathed his sword, and turned away, leaving the wounded man to the care of his second. As the Frenchman vanished from my sight among the trees at the right hand, the scene grew blurred and faded—only the spell of the music continued ever.

The dismal measure and the dismal garret once more. As I look at the poverty-sticken room, the music, eloquent as before, in some hidden manner makes me aware that months have passed since I last looked at it. The young Frenchman is present. Indeed, I begin now to understand that no scene can come beneath my eyes unless he be an actor in it. It is his life, his love, the violin in its own marvelous tongue relates, I wait with interest now. I have no time to wonder at or speculate upon what I have seen; no time to endeavor to explain the phantom scenes and actions which the song of the Stradivarius has brought before me. I feel no fear—curiosity and excitement only. Luigi's presence I have forgotten, so intent am I upon the drama played before me.

The young man, I notice, is handsome as ever, but paler, thinner, and careworn. What is the music saying now in that strange speech which I interpret so readily? Poverty and hopelessness, loss of love, and with that loss the wish to rise to fame.

He is writing; but the paper before him this time is a score—the score of a work he once thought would hand his name down to future times. Well I know, as I watch him, that music will never be given to the world. I know it is night, and to kill his bitter thoughts he is sitting down and working without interest at his uncompleted score. As I watch him, grieving at his grief weird and dreamy and unearthly sounds Luigi's violin—bar after bar of the music monotonous and sad. Then of a sudden it wakes to fresh life with a sort of expression of keen surprise and the young man raises his head from the work that interests him no more, and the door of his poor dwelling opens. A few bars of that haunting melody, that has caused me to whisper, "This is Love," merge into a strain of plaintive hopelessness, and the fair girl enters. She is closely veiled, and enveloped in a long dark cloak, and as she raises the veil from her face, and looks at him with sad and wistful eyes, the man's heart responds to the impassioned strings and vibrates with love, hopeless though it be. For I know that ere two days are past she will wed another; and the man knows it, and, crushing down his love, curses her in his heart for her faithlessness. He stands for a moment after her entry helpless in his surprise at seeing her, and then, with a grand air of calm politeness, handing her to one of the crazy chairs that furnished his poor room, waits, with a cold face, to learn the object of her visit. Then the woman—or the music—pleads in pathetic strains for pardon and forgiveness—pleads the pressure put upon her by friends—pleads her utter helplessness in their hands,—yet tells him, even with the wedding-ring waiting to encircle her finger, that he alone, the exiled, poverty-stricken Frenchman, owns the lov her heart can give. And as the tears fall from her eyes, the man waves his arm round the squalid room, and showing by that gesture his utter poverty and hopelessness, commends, with a bitter sneer, the course she has taken, or been compelled to take, and asks how he could expect the daughter of a noble English family to share such a home and such a lot as his. I see the girl hesitate, falter, and tremble, and as she rises, the man, with a calm air and forced composure opens the door. Weeping bitterly she leaves him; and as he closes the rickety door upon her, a wail of music, more mournful than words can describe, lingers in the air, and brings the tears to my eyes, while the man kneels down and kisses the very boards on which her feet had rested.

With the mirthless smile upon his face, he sits down thinking, thinking; and the music, playing ever, gives me his thoughts. As I read them I shudder, knowing how every fresh departure tends ever and only to the same end—what has he to do with life any longer?—he, the last descendant of a noble French family, his sovereign an exile, his lands and possessions confiscated or squandered, and now he lies starving, or soon to be starving, in a London attic. Even the fame that he once hoped to win as a musician is far off; and, if ever to be won, is it worth struggling for? The past, to him, is full of agonizing recollections of relatives and friends whose blood has slaked the guillotine's thirst. The present is misery. The future, now that the dream of love he had dared for a while to dream is dispelled, hopeless—what, indeed, has he to do with life any longer? If he knows not how to live, at least he knows how to die.

Ever with the same dreary thoughts in his mind, I see him take the bulky score—the result of months, it may be years, of labor—and deliberately tear sheet after sheet to pieces, until the floor is littered with the fragments. And as his action tells me he renounces hope, love, and fame, I know I am fated to see an awful sight, but am powerless to move my eyes from the scene. For still the melancholy notes sound; and I know that until Luigi's hands are at rest I am fettered by the spell the music weaves. I watch the man, or the phantom, with concentrated interest. The last page of the score falls in tatters to the ground, and, still seated in the chair which he had placed for the girl, he stretches out his hand, seeking for something among the papers on the table. Well I know the object he seeks—a small knife, with an elaborately chased silver handle—a relic, doubtless, of former riches. To-morrow even that would have been sold to provide the bare necessaries of the life he ceases to care for. He opens it, passes his fingers across the keen edge, and removing his coat, turns up his shirt-sleeve to the shoulder, and deliberately severs a large vein or artery in his arm. Oh, that maddening music!—encouraging, tempting, even applauding his crime of self-destruction! I see and sicken from his white arm; and then, drip, drip, drip, follow the large quick-falling drops. So real, so horrible is the vision, that I can even note the crimson pool forming amid the tattered paper covering the floor. Will the fatal music never end? Minutes are hours as I watch the face grow whiter and yet whiter, as the man sits bleeding to death. Now, while I long to faint and lose the dreadful sight, he rises, and, with tottering steps, walks across the room and takes up the violin. With the life-blood streaming from his left arm, once more, and the last time, he makes the instrument speak; and again, I say, the music comes from him, and not from Luigi. As he plays, even while I wait for what must follow, I know that such rare music was never heard on earth as the strain to which I listen—fancying the while I can see the eager wings of Death hovering around the player. To what can I compare it? A poet would term it the death-song of the swan. It is the death-song of a genius—one whom the world never knew—whose own rash act has extinguished the sacred flame. Strong and wild and wonderful rises the music for a while. Now it sinks lower, and lower, and lower. Now it is so soft I can scarcely hear it; it is ebbing to silence, even as the heart's-blood is ebbing to death. The face grows ghastly; the head sinks upon the breast; the eyes flicker like the dying flame of a candle; the violin drops from the reddened hand, and the man falls sideways from his chair to the ground, even as Luigi's violin completes the bar his fall had broken off in the middle; and as it sums up the tragedy in one long-sustained passage of hopeless grief, I see the bloodless white face of the man, now dead, or soon to be dead, lying on the ruddy floor; while the left arm, motionless now, rests as it had fallen across the violin, which those nerveless fingers had at last been fain to drop.

The music stopped—the spell was ended. So powerfully was I wrought upon by the last vision I had seen, that the moment my limbs resumed their freedom, I rushed forward and fell fainting on the very spot on which it seemed to me the man had died. When I recovered consciousness, I found Luigi bending over me, and sponging my face with cold water. He was pale and agitated, and seemed from physical exhaustion scarcely able to stand. I rose, and with a shudder looked toward that part of the room where the phantasmagoria had appeared. Nothing was there now to move me. The familiar wall-paper, the pictures I had so often scanned, alone met my eye. As I gazed round, Luigi, in a whisper, asked:

"You saw it all, then, as I did?"

"I saw it all; could it have been a dream?"

He shook his head. "If so, three times have I dreamed it, and each time alike in every detail. The first time I said, 'It must be a dream;' the second time, 'It may be fancy.' But what can I say now, when another sees it also?"

I could give him no answer—I could offer no explanation—only I asked:

"Why did you not cease playing, and spare me that last sight?"

"I could not. It was your impulse to play on that violin, when first you saw it, that led me to think its strange power would act on another besides myself, and induced me to go through it all once more. But it will tell its story to no one else."

I turned inquiringly, and seeing on the carpet a mass of small splinters of wood, mixed with tangled strings and pegs, knew what he meant. This, then, was the end of the masterpiece of Stradivarius.

"And you mean to say you had no power to cease when once you began?—were compelled to play through the whole tragedy?"

"I had no power to stop. Some force irresistibly compelled me. I was but an instrument; and absurd as it seems, I believe that you, with no knowledge of the art, would have played just as I did."

"But the music?" I asked. "The wonderful music?"

"That to me," replied Luigi, "is the strangest thing of all. Neither you nor I can recall a single bar of it. Even those two or three melodies which, as we heard them, we thought would haunt us, have vanished."

And it was so. Try how I would, I could fashion no tune at all like them.

"It bears out what I told you," said Luigi, in conclusion. "I was simply an instrument. Indeed, it seemed the whole time not I, but another was playing. But here is an end of it."

Then, late as the hour was, we kindled a small fire, and consumed every atom of the violin which held, in some mysterious, inexplicable way, the story of a man's love and death.

We parted at last. Luigi left England as arranged, and has not yet revisited it.

* * * * * * *

Is there any sequel to my incredible story? None that will throw any light upon it, or enable me—as, indeed, I have little hope of doing—to win the reader's belief. Only, some time afterward, I saw in the house of a man—known by name at least to all who are familiar with the titles of the great ones of the land—the portrait of a lady. It was that of his mother, who had died a few years after her marriage; and if the painter's skill had not erred, it was also the portrait of the phantom-woman whom I had seen twice that night in the visions brought before me by the weird music. Every feature was so stamped upon my memory, that I could not be mistaken. And yet I did not trouble to inquire into her private history. Even if I could have learned it, it could have told me no more than I knew already. The story of her love and its tragic ending—doubtless a sealed page in her life—had been fully revealed to me as I lay in Luigi's room listening to the varying strains of the haunted Stradivarius.

A New Game on Hotel Proprietors.

Said a friend at our elbow last evening: "I met a couple of 'fakirs' who take in county fairs the other day on a train, and one of them put me on the latest hotel racket. It was like this: Tom, a rather slouchy looking fellow, goes into a hotel, pays for dinner and enters the dining-room. He is shortly after followed by John, who is well dressed and wears a nobby hat, which he is careful the clerk shall see. Tom comes out, picks up the new tile and leaves the hotel. Then follows John with the most disreputable hat ever seen. With blood in his eye he demands satisfaction from the hotel proprietor. He generally gets $5, divides with his partner, and they are ready to work another hotel.—*Danville Sun*

A dentist advertises "Teeth inserted without pain." This shows one marked difference between a dentist and a dog.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A STORY FOR NEW YEAR.

"'Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall return.' Yes, that's very true, John, but we are getting along the road of life pretty fast, and the few dollars you give away now and then we will need in our old days. I felt sort o' sorry for the girl, but poor folks can't do everything."

Such were the words that Mary Dawson said on New Year's morning to her husband, who, the night before, had found a young woman and her child, out in the cold.

The honest heart of old John Dawson went out to the wanderers.

"Come with me and let me carry the little one," said the farmer, after he had heard that they were on the way to the railroad station, which was some miles distant, and stooping he lifted the child in his great strong arms, and after wrapping his coat around her all three proceeded to the comfortable farm house. Beside the great blazing log the old farmer listened to a pitiful story that night from the wanderer whom he had brought to the fireside. How she had lost her parents, and at the age of fifteen was thrown out on the world friendless and penniless. How she had accepted the position of companion to one who was not even her equal in days gone by; how life seemed a burden for two years, until she had met her husband, in whose love a shadowy haze seemed to gather over all the dark days of the past and cast the tenderness of transfiguration on even the memories, until he was called over the river.

"And now," continued the wanderer, "I am going to New York and I must catch the midnight train. I can sketch and paint very nicely, and perhaps I can find employment and so support my child and myself."

"You needn't do any such thing," said John Dawson, after the woman had finished speaking. "You're too young and frail to go to a big city like that alone. You just stay here as long as you like and Mary and me will make you as comfortable as two bugs in a rug."

Tears filled the eyes of the homeless woman, and rising from her seat she walked to the side of the honest farmer and laying her hand on his shoulder, said, "Language grows weak in proportion to the fullness of my heart, and while I cannot accept of your kind offer and true hospitality, held out to me a stranger, still I hope and pray that some day I may be able to repay your kindness, even seventy times seven."

And so it happened, as Farmer John handed the little girl baby to its mother on the midnight train, he placed a package in her hands saying, "Here are some cakes for the little one, I thought perhaps she might eat them."

Ten years have passed and again we visit John Dawson. He has become very old and feebie and almost unable to work.

"It is just as I told you, John," his wife was saying. "You would help people so much that when we got old somebody would have to help us. The mortgage will be due to-morrow. Mr. Harrington will foreclose, and we will lose the old home that has been so dear to us these many years. I always told you just how it would end. I don't know what we are going to do in our old days, with no place to lay our heads."

"I know it is hard, Mary," said the farmer, laying his head on his hands. "But the Lord knows best. We have always done our duty, and I never gave much away, Mary, because I didn't have it to give. If it must come, it must, and we will have to do the best we can. People say Mr. Harrington is a very close man and I suppose we will have to give up the old home."

So the next morning honest John Dawson took his way to Mr. Harrington with a heart as heavy as lead, to tell him that he could not pay the mortgage, and that he would give up the farm.

Mr. Harrington had only lately arrived from Europe with a beautiful wife. His estates had been managed for years by his lawyer, and he was about settling up all business matters. John Dawson mounted the steps of the elegant mansion and with a heavy heart rang the bell. A servant showed him into the parlor, but as he was going through the hall Mrs. Harrington caught sight of him and immediately called the servant, asking: "Who is that old gentleman and what does he want?"

"That's old John Dawson, who lives on the turnpike, and he has come to see about his mortgage. It's due today and folks say the old man will have to give up the farm."

A divine light shone from the eyes of Mrs. Harrington, and in a trembling voice she said: "Tell the gentleman wait. I will call Mr. Harrington."

She went directly to her husband, who was sitting in the library, and putting her arms around his neck she said, "Harry, you have told me that you would do anything in the world I would ask."

"Yes, my dear," he answered. "What can I do that will please you?"

"You have a mortgage on the farm of old John Dawson," she replied.

"Yes, and I am told it is due to-morrow. Why?"

"If you want to do your wife the greatest favor she could possibly ask in anything of intrinsic value, and make her love you ten times as much, if it were possible, give me that mortgage."

"But, my dear, what do you want with it?"

"Never mind, Harry. Give it to me and I shall never ask another favor."

Going to his desk Mr. Harrington took out the mortgage and handed it to his wife, saying:

"Here it is. Do with it as you like."

Her beautiful eyes sparkled as she took the paper in her hand. She took his arm and said: "Come into the parlor. There is a gentleman waiting to see you, and we will both go."

To say that Mr. Harrington was surprised hardly does justice to his feelings, but he loved his beautiful wife and he did as she asked him. They [illegible] the desired prisoner, and then by a [illegible] opened and the prisoner can step out of his cell. Then the officer can open the outer door and let the man out, but the other prisoners are away beyond any possible reach of the officer, and it is impossible for them to make any break on him while he is taking a man out or putting one in. He can handle any number of men in the same way, and they can not reach him until he chooses to let them.

The Trials of a Schoolmistress.

Teacher (in mental arithmetic)—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny—How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny—Then they wouldn't be real peaches!

Teacher—No.

Johnny—Would they be preserved peaches?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Johnny—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny; we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Johnny—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

Johnny—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Johnny—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother was there, and wouldn't let her eat but one?

Johnny—Mother's out of town, and won't be back till next week.

Teacher (sternly)—Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them how many would be left?

Johnny (straightening up)—There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

A Novel Jail.

Omaha, Neb., has just finished a new jail, built on an entirely original plan, and the Omaha *Bee* says it is a novelty well worth visiting. The peculiar feature of the jail, which marks it as different from any other, is that the cells are arranged in the form of a great iron cylinder, which revolves about so that only one cell is at the opening at any one time. This cylinder is three stories high, there being ten cells on each floor. Its weight is forty-five tons, and this ponderous weight is hung from above instead of turning on a track below. The strangest part of the arrangement is that the great cylinder can be turned by a simple crank with very little force, a man with his left hand moving it readily. When it is complete it is the intention to have a little water-motor in the basement, and then by simply moving a lever the cylinder will be set to rotating. It is suggested that when there are prisoners who it is feared may be trying to cut out the cylinder, can, by a motor, be easily kept moving slowly all night, so that the prisoners do not remain long enough in one place to do any mischief, or even to crawl out if they had made a partial break. It seems that prisoners have little chance for escape from the new jail. A cage of iron bars completely surrounds the cylinder in which the cells are. The entrance on each floor is guarded by two doors. The officer standing outside does not have to unlock even the first door, but can swing the cylinder around until the cell appears in which is the desired prisoner, and then by a

FLIRTATION.

The Greatest Obstacle in the Way of Happy Marriages and Happy Homes.

If the writer were asked to name the thing which in her opinion is in these days the greatest obstacle in the way of happy marriages and happy homes and happy families, writes a contributor to the Boston *Globe*, the reply would be given without the slightest hesitation, and it would be—flirtations.

The modern girl (and the boys are nearly as precocious) before they have left off wearing bibs, begin to have their small love affairs, and these are continued, with more or less desperation, till circumstances, or a sentiment which seems for the moment deeper than any ever before experienced, bring about a climax in the shape of a wedding. It is well enough, perhaps, if this climax put an end to the flames; but, alas, the habit of flirtation is one not easily overcome, and married coquettes and beaux are sadly common, insuring unhappiness and homes that belie the name. If people of this description could only be paired off together there would be some poetic justice in their tormenting each other and meting out a mutual and well-deserved punishment. But likes seldom attract each other, and more often we see a woman giving in return for the great, strong,

WHOLE-SOULED LOVE

of some man, only a small fraction of what she is pleased to call a heart. She gives all she has to give, perhaps, but she should have had more. The trouble is that she has frittered away her affection, giving a little to this one, a bit to that, and a portion to another, till she really has no heart left, and loses, in consequence, what should have been her life's happiness. Sometimes she has enough sense and nobility of mind left to appreciate what is given her and her own poverty of response. And then she must quote sadly to herself:

All the kisses that I have given
I grudge from my soul to-day,
And of all I have ever taken
I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been hermits,
Held apart from kith and kin,
That fresh from God's holy service
To Love's they might enter in.

Or, maybe it is the husband who repays a wife's devotion with half love; who keeps close-bolted from her gaze many a chamber of his heart, where some other fancy, living or dead, still holds sway. For in these days, the saying of "whom first we love we seldom wed" might well have its ordinal number changed to sixth or seventh.

When the millenium comes all this will be changed. Boys and girls will then be brought up together in a sensible fashion, so wisely taught and guided by their elders that they will look upon each other as playmates, comrades, friends, until the proper time for serious love-making arrives, while "flirtation" will have become an unknown custom of the dark ages, the very word marked with the dagger, which marks obsolete words in the dictionary of the times. This will be, we fear, like the jubilee of the darkies' "long, long, long on de way," but

WE CAN ALL DO SOMETHING

to help its coming. For it is the elders who are often to blame for much of the nonsense and sin of the children. So much that is injudicious or absolutely wrong is said to them or before them, putting ideas into their heads that should not be there for a dozen years, perhaps. A little incident, a mere trifle, recently observed, will illustrate this point. A bright little 5-year-old boy was playing on a hotel piazza not long since with a winsome wee lassie a little younger than himself. It was a pretty sight, for they were as mischievious and innocently unconscious as two young kittens. But presently one who had been watching them called out:

"Eisie is your little sweetheart, isn't she, Charlie?"

The poor little fellow looked first mystified, then shy and embarrassed, as others near by laughed at his perplexity.

"Elsie's my dear little playmate," lisped Charlie, and ran off to play again, while the first speaker had the grace to look slightly ashamed of herself; for the reply which was put into Charlie's mouth was given with an emphasis that left no doubt of its meaning.

Another woman met at a certain large boarding-house last season, used to ask her son, a young man of 18 or 19, at the public dinner-table about his "mashes." Such an expression of anger and disgust would come into his eyes sometimes that a looker-on could not but tremble to see.

This last was perhaps an exceptional case, but the first is not, and we believe the "flirtation" evil might speedily be reduced to a minimum if young people were but carefully and judiciously trained on this point.

It may not be generally known that the District of Columbia is more plentiful endowed with female population than any other state or territory, having 112,524 females to 100,000 males. Next comes Rhode Island, with 107,870 females to 100,000 males, followed by Massachusetts, with 107,712 females to 100,000 males. Connecticut, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, New York, Virginia and Alabama average about 103,000 females to 100,000 males, or an excess of 2½ per cent to 5 per cent of the males. Then comes Maryland, Georgia, New Jersey, Louisiana, Tennessee, Maine and Pennsylvania, where the excess is less than 2½ per cent of the males, Pennsylvania having 100,448 females to 100,000 males. In the remaining states and territories the males predominate.

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NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.
Good sample room on first floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to Witnesses and Jurors. 15 9tf

Philipsburg.

Well, Christmas has come and gone. It was appropriately observed in Philipsburg in the usual manner. Never before were there so many gifts presented as this year, so say our dealers. The poor as well as the rich seemed to enjoy it alike. The day was a beautiful one, and promenading indulged in to great extent. Early in the morning the happy children were heard on the streets, shouting with glee "Christmas Gifts," to all whom they chanced to meet Taking all, in all, the day was one long to be remembered by our citizens in general.

They say Mr. Silas Reece's patent car step is a decided success. We hope Mr. R. will find millions in it.

We are glad to state that T. J. McCullough Esq., who was recently taken very ill, is in a fair way of recovery.

Neal Davis, the practical jeweler, held a very enjoyable Christmas party at his residence on South Centre street. Quite a number of our "bon tons" attended the same.

Mrs. D. H. Bair, of South Centre St., are sorry to say, is quite ill at the time of this writing. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. William Miller, who was burned badly at the time of the sad occurrence of her baby's death, is getting quite well once again.

Gee Sin, the Chinese laundrymen, who held forth on Laurel street, a few weeks, has "pulled up stakes" and left for parts unknown. Gee's work was far from giving satisfaction to our citizens.

Walter Gray, of Bradford, is home, on a holiday excursion. He is looking exceedingly well.

Dr. E. E. Higbee, State Superintendent, of Instruction, spent a few days with Mr. O. Perry Jones, recently.

Mr. H. H. Whitney Christmased at Stormstown.

Andy Allport, the great horse jockey of "Old Virginny," is in the city.

The Christmas trees at the different churches, were well attended, and very enjoyable affairs, indeed.

No paper published in Philipsburg this week. People will surely suffer, thereby. SOME ONE.

A Dove's Nest.

Climbing slowly up the hill, I came upon a dove's nest. I had laid my hand upon a small log, and was about to step over it when I was slightly startled by a fluttering sound and a dove, with ruffled feathers and drooping wings, as though badly wounded, limped from under it and fluttered up the hill, making desperate efforts to attract my attention. Stooping down, I say a little nest composed of fine sticks and roots, with two or three leaves for lining; and in it two beautiful snow white eggs. The nest was quite rude, reminding me of the little pole huts charcoal burners build, but its site had evidently been selected with an eye to safety, the log hiding it from the keen eye of prowling hawk or raven. The doves (for the male had made his appearance) finding that I paid no attention to them, flew several rods away, where they sat, the male cooing angrily, the female turning her head from side to side with frightened, anxious looks. After watching them a few moments, I turned away, leaving them in peace to hover their eggs and rear their young safe in the watchful care of God. W. TRUCKENMILLER.

—A gentleman of our acquaintance has just received a letter from Rev. John Hewitt, of Fremont, Nebraska. All of Mr. Hewitt's friends here will be delighted to learn from the letter that he has found a field of great usefulness in that place, where his wise and intelligent efforts to further Christ's cause and the church with which he is directly associated are richly appreciated. He found the parish in a languishing condition and since going there he has built it up to a degree of prosperity which causes it to outrank any church denomination in the place. His salary has rapidly increased and he is now receiving $1750 per year and rectory. He has just been complimented with two calls, one from each of the Episcopal denominations in Omaha, the capital of the State. One of these is the Cathedral church and the other All Saints church Both of these parishes pay their rectors $2500 a year and a rectory. After conferring with the bishop of the diocese on the subject, he has about decided to decline both of the calls, as he feels loth to leave a field where his efforts are being so richly blessed. Though we believe that his eminent talents fit him to grace any position however lofty, it pleases us to learn that no inducement of elevated position or pecuniary reward, can tempt him to leave what he esteems to be the path of duty.

—The Evangelical Alliance has rejoiced the hearts of temperance people, by this year placing on the list of topics for Friday, January 8th, "Prayer for the Abolition of the Traffic in Opium and Intoxicating Drinks." We urge all local Women's Christian Temperance Unions to carry out, as far as possible, the admirable programme given by our National President in *Union Signal* of Dec. 17th. Let us ask the co-operation of pastors that a united volume of prayer may go up from all the people on this day, for an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on our work and workers, and that the liquor traffic may be removed from our State and Nation.

FRANCES L. SWIFT, Prest.
ELLEN M. WATSON, Cor. Sec'y.
Allegheny, Dec., '85. Penn'a W.C.T.U.

—The end of Institute must be a great relief to Mr. Henry Keller. He was very busy during the time the fair teachers were here.

Medical, Etc.

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Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.
These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.
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Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.
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For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.
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PERIODICALS.	AUTHORS.
Quarterly Review,	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone
Brit. Quart'ly Review,	Alfred Tennyson,
Edinburgh Review,	Professor Huxley,
Westminster Review,	Professor Tyndall,
Contemp'y Review,	Rich. A. Proctor, B. A.,
Fortnightly Review,	J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S.
The Nineteenth Cent'y,	Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
Science Miscellany,	E. B. Tylor,
Blackw'd's Magazine,	Professor Max Muller,
Cornhill Magazine,	Professor Owen,
Macmillan's Magazine	Matthew Arnold,
Longman's Magazine,	E. A. Freeman, D. C. L.,
New Quart. Magazine,	James Anthony Froude,
Temple Bar,	Thos. Hughes,
Belgravia,	Algernon C. Swinburne,
Good Words,	William Black,
London Society,	Mrs. Oliphant,
Saturday Review,	Cardinal Newman,
The Spectator,	Cardinal Manning,
The Academy,	Miss Thackeray,
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Nature,	Robert Buchanan,
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The following named gentlemen constitute the Republican Executive Committee of Centre county for the year 1886:

JOHN T. JOHNSTON, *Chairman*, Bellefonte.
ED. R CHAMBERS, *Sec'ty*. "

District.	*Name*	*Address.*
Bellefonte, N W.,	John I Rankin	Bellefonte
do S W.,	Thomas Donachy,	do
do W W.,	Isaac Mitchell,	do
Centre Hall	James C Boal	Centre Hall
Howard bor	Hiram Lucas	Howard
Milesburg boro	A F Boggs	Milesburg
Millheim boro	John F Hafer	Millheim
Philipsburg, 1st W,	Robert Lloyd	Philipsburg
do 2d W,	E P McCormick	do
do 3d W,	Capt Harry Sinker	do
Unionville boro	Dr L A Russell	Fleming
Benner twp	Jos. W. Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs, W P	Jacob E Crider	Milesburg
do E P	J M Parker	Roland
Burnside	Miles Zimmerman	Pine Glen
College	Wm T Mitchell,	Oak Hall Station
Curtin	John P DeHaas, Jr	Howard
Ferguson, E P	Cyrus Goss	Pine Grove Mills
do W P	Henry C Campbell	Rock Spring
Gregg, N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
do S P	Wm M Allison	Spring Mills
Haines, W P	James T Coburn	Aaronsburg
do E P	Luther Kreamer	Woodward
Harrison	Simon Sellers	Stormstown
Harris	George B Jack	Boalsburg
Howard	Augustus Montgomery	Howard
Huston	H B Stewart	Martha Furnace
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Miles	John A Miller	Rebersburg
Patton	Wm E Furst	Buffalo Run
Penn	David Kimport	Millheim
Potter, N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
do S P	Wm J Thompson	Potters Mills
Rush, N P	John A Mull	Philipsburg
" S P.	Frank Gowland	Sandy Ridge
Snow Shoe, E P	Wm Stewart, Jr	Snow Shoe
" W P	J H Brown	Moshannon
Spring	A V Miller	Pleasant Gap
Taylor	John T Fowler	Fowler
Union	Elwood Fisher	Fleming
Walker	Henry Gobb	Nittany
Worth	S R Pringle	Port Matilda

The Duncannon Disaster.

A special telegram from Duncannon to the Harrisburg *Patriot* gives the following particulars of the accident on the Pennsylvania railroad at Duncannon:

The bridge which spans Sherman's creek has always been considered substantial, yet a portion of it gave way as the eastbound local was crossing, precipitating eight ore-dumps and the engine into the creek.

As one of the spans of the bridge is broken and a portion of a pier washed away, yet the most plausible theory is that the pier was weakened by the unusual swiftness to-day of Sherman's creek. William Knowles, engineer of the train says the engine had just crossed the bridge when the pier gave way. The tender of the engine fell into the river, drawing the engine and cars with it. Knowles was washed away by the swift current, and floated on a log two miles down the river before he was rescued. Men ventured out in a boat and the engineer, who escaped with a sprained ankle and an injured thigh, was taken to a farm house. The rest of the crew are from Huntingdon. R W. Turbett, the brakeman, was killed. He was so firmly wedged between the pier and stringers of the bridge that it required the combined efforts of four men to release him. His limbs were broken. T. D. Baldwin, the conductor, and his assistant, A. G. McCahan, cannot be found, and the probability is that they were drowned. John A. Miller, who resides here, and is the conductor of the Duncannon iron company's train, jumped into the river and after floating half a mile was rescued."

Knowles was brought to Huntingdon yesterday on mail train. He had a narrow escape from drowning. After being thrown into the river he sank twice and was going down again when he threw up his hand and struck a log. Summoning all his energies he grasped and managed to cling to it until rescued. All passenger trains were greatly detained yesterday because of the accident. Local trains transfer passengers at the wreck and the creek is crossed by means of a small foot bridge. Through trains run up the Northern Central road to Sunbury, and thence to Lewistown over the branch, striking the main line at the latter place, and running a distance of 102 miles when they usually have but about 60 miles to go.

Temperance Meetings.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 4.—Every seat and nearly every inch of standing room in the new Music Hall, which seats 5,000 persons, was occupied last evening. It was the close of the campaign began September 6th by Francis Murphy. The masses were there. With characteristic originality Mr. Murphy read a selection from the pen of Paul with reference to charity, in which Paul says: 'I spake as a child."

"I have always thought," said Mr. Murphy, "that Paul was a countryman of mine but that we got cheated out of him somehow. Who, but an Irishman, ever said "spake?" Later Mr. Murphy said: "God save us from spiritual hydrophobia."

The following is a condensed resume of the work done in Cleveland during this temperance campaign since September 6: One hundred and fifty-four large audiences have been addressed on Gospel temperance by Mr. Murphy and his son; 176 prayer meetings have been held in connection with the evening meetings; six large meetings for children have been held, which have resulted in the organization of fifteen new Bands of Hope; seven addresses to the Sunday schools have been made by Mr. Francis Murphy, and he has twice spoken to hundreds of criminals in the Workhouse. Twenty-eight thousand signatures to the total abstinence pledge have been obtained, and it is estimated that at least one-fourth of these represent men and boys formerly accustomed to drink intoxicants. There are included among them professional men, skilled artisans, iron-workers, mechanics, etc. One hundred and sixty-nine thousand pages of temperance literature and 7,000 notices of meetings have been distributed, and there has been constant visitation of drinking men's homes.

A Dastardly Outrage.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 4.—At the time of the strike of the Union Pacific miners at Rock Springs last summer a number of the railroad's mines in this State were closed because the men struck, and strenuous efforts have been made to open some of them with non-union men. Quite recently the company purchased one of the best mines in the Marshall district, and a considerable amount of coal was being mined there. At one of the company's mines in this district the men were ordered out three weeks ago by the Knights of Labor, but they asserted that they had no cause for complaint, and kept at work. About 3 o'clock this morning three masked men entered the engine house of the Marshall mine, where Harry Green, the engineer, was alone, and ordered him to throw up his hands. He was at once seized and bound and marched down the track. On the way a number of men similarly masked were met, but they passed on in silence towards the shaft-house. After walking Green some distance, his guards released him and left him in freedom. He hastened back toward the engine house, from which the smoke was pouring, but before he could give an alarm the fire was beyond control, and the shaft house, engine house, tramways, and dumps were destroyed. There was no loss of life. The property loss is placed in the neighborhood of $20,000, while the company will suffer somewhat from the loss of the product while the building and machinery are being replaced. The act is traced directly to the strikers, but the individuals who were active in it have not yet been detected.

A Farmer Murdered.

HONESDALE, Pa., Jan. 3.—Michael Reilly, brother of ex-Representative Reilly, of Honesdale, was most brutally murdered on Friday at his home in Preston township. His body was found early in the morning near the barn, a short distance from his dwelling. The murdered man lay on the ground in a pool of blood.

A search of the premises brought to light a blood-stained ax, the instrument of the murder. He had thrown it far into a neighboring field. Mr. Reilly was a substantial farmer, living comfortably upon his land with his wife and mother. The women of the family were absent yesterday and the night before. The house was found ransacked from top to bottom, and a desk, which had contained $400 in cash, was broken open and rifled.

The theory is that the murderer, knowing that Mr. Reilly was alone in the house, loitered about in the early morning until the farmer should go on to feed his stock, and thus leave the house empty. Entering the house, the true robber hastily examined it for plunder, and then, it is supposed started away, but was met or seen by Reilly, when the murder followed.

Where the Floods Raged.

HAZELTON, Pa., Jan. 5.—Last night's rain storm did a vast amount of damage throughout this section of the anthracite coal region. Five collieries of A Pardee & Co., are completely drowned out, the water having entered the mines from a large creek which burst into an old breast of the Laurel Hill workings and poured steadily through this opening from 12 o'clock last night until 6 o'clock this evening. Twenty-three mules were drowned and all the pumps are submerged. Crystal Ridge, Sugar Loaf, Sandy Run, Audenreid, Honey Brook and Stockton slopes are all flooded. The water again broke into the Horleigh & Ebenvale mines, which were recently flooded and the situation is now more serious than before. All the pumps are lost and the water is rising rapidly. It is impossible to say what the losses will aggregate, but it must necessarily be very heavy.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. Jan. 5.—All trains on the Williamsport and Canandaigua division of the Northern Central railway are stopped owing to the bridges being swept away by the flood and the track being washed out.

The river here reaching twenty-four feet and a half is now slowly falling.

Desperate Attempt to Burn Tarentum, Pa.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 3.—A desperate attempt to burn the town of Tarentum, Pa., was made at an early hour this morning. The fire was first discovered in Essler's livery stable on Garden street. It soon spread to Rue & Jones' grocery store, Zimmerman's shoe store and Dr. Nolses' residence and all were destroyed. The villains had taken every precaution to make destruction sure. They had cut the ropes of the two alarm bells, broken the principal pumps in the village and carried off fire buckets and tubs. Cries of fire aroused a lad named Wm. Dibbel an employe of the large planing mill, upon which was a bell. He ran to the mill, and upon finding the bell rope cut climbed to the roof and sounded an alarm by striking the bell with a hammer. This awakened the entire community, which turned out en masse and soon extinguished the flames. The loss is $9 000, partially insured. About two weeks ago an attempt was made to burn the village down. Six or seven large buildings were destroyed, entailing a loss of over $50,000.

Still Digging at Nanticoke.

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 3.—Every effort is still being made to recover the bodies of the twenty-six men in slope No. 1, at Nanticoke. The work is slow and hazardous. To-day they struck bed sand, and about 160 car loads were removed to the surface. From the present indications it is not expected that they will reach the bodies of the victims under forty days. Extreme caution will have to be used when the fatal chambers are approached, as directly over them is the crevice in the earth, and the culm bank pressure is likely to fill up the gangway, as it did before.

Tobacco Warehouse Burned.

LANCASTER, Pa., January 3.—David G. Hensch's large tobacco warehouse, in this city, was totally destroyed by fire last night, with its contents, consisting of six hundred cases of leaf tobacco and one hundred thousand cigars. The loss is $20,000; insurance, $16,500. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Pauline Lucca Seriously Ill.

VIENNA, Jan. 3.—Mme Pauline Lucca has arrived here. She is in a precarious condition. She traveled from Russia on a special Pullman car. Her physicians are unable to make a diagnosis of her illness.

Dry Goods.

Look at This

—AND—

BENEFIT THEREBY.

For reasons not necessary to state, we are compelled to reduce our Winter Stock. We have an immense stock of all kinds of Goods to close. Look at this list which is only a small portion of the Bargains which we have in all kinds of Goods.

White Blankets	$1 00 per pair
Gray Blankets	1 00 per pair
Lancaster Ginghams	7½c. per yd
Other Ginghams	4½c. per yd
Best Prints	4 and 4½c. per yd
Heavy Gray Flannel	15 cts.
Brocade Dress Goods	5 cts.
Double width Cashmere	14 cts.
Black Ottoman Cloth, nearly 1¼ wide	35 cts.
Part Wool Dress Plaids	7 cts.
Best Muslin	6 cts.
All Linen Table Linen	20 cts.
Plaid Flannels	11 and 12½ cts.
All Wool Dress Cloths, 1½ yds. wide	60 cts,
All Wool Black Cashmere	37½ cts.
All Wool Red Flannels	15 cts. up
All Wool Factory Flannel	25 cts.
White Flannels	15 and 18 cts. up
Winter Shawls	60 cts. up
All Wool regular made Hose, Ladies	23 cts.
Ladies' Button Shoes	$1 10
Ladies' Good Lace Shoes	80 cts. up
Ladies' Fine Kid Top Shoes	1 40
Ladies' French Kid Shoes	$2 00 and 2 25
Children's Shoes	70 cts. up
Men's Calf Skin Boots	1 50
Men's Fine Boots	2 00 and 2 50
Men's Heavy Kip Boots	1 75, 2 00 and 2 50
Horse Blankets	60 cts.
Child's Suit	1 50
Child's Suit	1 75 and 2 00
Child's Suit	2 25
Men's Suit	3 50, 4 00 and 4 50
Men's All Wool Diagonal Suits	8 50 up
Men's All Wool Corkscrew Suits	8 50 up
Men's Overcoats	2 50
Men's Dress Overcoats	3 50, 4 00 and 4 50
Men's Dress Overcoats	4 75, 5 00 and 6 00
Boys and Youths' Suits	2 50 up
Boys' Boots	75, 1 00 and 1 25
Men's Shoes	90, 1 00 and 1 25
Men's Dress Shoes	1 25 and 1 50
Ladies' Long Black Diagonal Coats	3 00 and 3 50
Ladies' Long Fine Fur Trimmed	6 00 up
Ladies' Long Fine Astrachan Trimmed Coats	5 50 up
Ladies' Russian Circular	at 3 00 and 3 50 up
Men's Underwear	40 cts. a suit up
Men's Red All Wool Underwear	$1 00 a suit up

A large line of Ladies', Misses and Children's Coats at unheard of prices.

Plenty of Bargains in all kinds of goods and no space to mention. same.

Come and See for Yourselves.

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, Pa. 4oct5 4y

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

A Rich Treat.

At length the Bellefonte public are to have an opportunity to listen to Rev. Chas. T. Steck in his Shakespearean recitations. Those who have heard him lecture and preach know his power, but these fade into insigificance in comparison with his superb renditions of Shakespeare. He personates some of the Shakespearean characters with a fire and a dramatic life which we have never seen equalled. Mr. Burbank, who entertained a large audience during the time of the Teachers' Institute, may be unequalled in rendering the light roles of comedy, but when he essayed Shakespeare he fell far below the ideal which Rev Mr. Steck so perfectly realizes in his performances. We once heard Mr. Steck read that oft repeated passage beginning with—

"To be or not to be",—

and never until then did we imagine the meaning that is contained in it. One cannot but listen in an awed, admiring manner when he portrays these characters, for they seem to be resurrected and to live again in Mr. Steck. We imagine that in his sermons and lectures he does not find scope for his fullest powers, or perhaps considers it not good taste at such times to give vent to the energetic action of which he is so capable; at least, never have heard him become so grandly magnificent as when delivering Shakespeare's lines.

A few of his friends have arranged for him to give Shakespearean recitations on Tuesday evening, January 12, in Humes' Hall.

For the purpose of giving variety to the entertainment, Prof. Geo P. Bible and other local talent have kindly volunteered to assist him. During the intermissions there will be humorous recitations, vocal music and possibly music by an orchestra. It will be *the* entertainment of the season.

Please remember that Rev. Mr. Steck has nothing to do with the arrangements for this entertainment further than that he has consented to be one of the performers in it. It is planned entirely by the friends of the Reverend gentleman and the proceeds will be exclusively for his benefit. Tickets are now for sale at Sourbeck's. Step in and reserve a seat at once.

A CHANGE IN THE PROGRAMME.

Since the above was put in type the gentlemen who are managing the entertainment have informed us that Rev. Mr. Steck will deliver a lecture instead of reading Shakespeare. We are sorry for the change, but are very glad we had an opportunity to allude, as we have done, to his ability to interpret Shakespeare's great characters.

Eagleville Etchings.

A very large party was given by the Misses Annie and Mary Clark at their home on Marsh Creek, on Monday evening, December 28, 1885. About fifty of the elite of Beech Creek and Eagleville society were gathered there, and from all the accounts that we have heard of the festive occasion, we can assure you that every one succeeded in enjoying a most happy and hilarious time. Dancing and many other amusements were freely indulged in, to the delight and pleasure of all. The most substantial and consequently acceptable refreshments were served in abundance, after which the programme of amusements was continued until Aurora's chariot approached, warning all of the coming dawn. Much credit and many thanks are due to every member of the family for the very happy and pleasant way in which they succeeded in entertaining their well selected company.

Mr. James A. Quigley and wife have been entertaining their sister, Mrs. Jas. D. Mason, accompanied by her children. Mrs. Mason is a most attractive and charming lady from Scranton, Pa., and she is expected to make them quite a protracted visit. Miss Emma McKean, of Lock Haven, and Messrs. Scott Harris and Jas. R. Hughes, of Bellefonte, also have been seemingly enjoying to the utmost the hospitality of Mr. Quigley's family during the past week.

The residence of Mr. T. A. Snyder has been enlivened lately by the presence of his nephew, Mr. Harry Brady, of Mill Hall, at present a student in the Philadelphia Dental College.

Miss Sudie Runner has been entertaining a gentleman friend from Philadelphia during the holidays.

The musical convention that has been conducted during the past week by Prof. Beck, of Lock Haven, closed on Saturday night with a grand concert.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a large temperance meeting in the Disciple church on next Saturday evening. A large attendance is earnestly hoped for.

Mr. Wm. Askey and family, of Tyrone, have been visiting at the home of his wife's parents, Mrs. J. B. Shaw, for several days past. A CORRESPONDENT.

Lines from Loveville.

LOVEVILLE, Jan. 4, 1886.

Mr. Rhoads was in Loveville over Sunday.

Mrs Annie Gates, from Tyrone, has been visiting among her many friends in the vicinity of Loveville.

Isaac Beck says that if he has another week of good weather he can take his cloverseed in.

Messrs. H. E. Beck and C. L. Roop, two of the prominent young men of Loveville, who attended the Institute last week, while visiting the attractions of the town, happened to wander into the Catholic fair, which was in progress at that time. The ladies at the fair, after making a desperate charge on the boys, succeeded in inducing them to take a chance in a $15 rocking chair. The boys are watching the express office for the arrival of their big chair.

Miss Ellie Miller, a brilliant young lady of Loveville, visited her friends in Clarkstown last week.

Mr. Runnenberger, whom Loveville is proud to claim as a citizen, has been distinguishing himself in the lumbering business. We are expecting him to erect a steam saw mill here soon.

One year ago Mr. J. C. Sebring purchased the farm which had been known for many years as the old Stephen property. He is remodeling the house, Mr. J. Ebbs having the contract and is doing very fine work. He has also repaired the fence and made preparations to lime the land. The remodeling of the house is not yet completed and will not be for many weeks. Loveville is second to no town for energetic citizens. CLAY.

Great January Floods.

All day Sunday and Monday the rain fell unceasingly. It gathered strength as it continued and on Monday evening came down, at times, in torrents. The snow was still deep on the Allegheny mountains, and as the storm was general the combined snow and rain swelled the small streams to threatening proportions.

Bellefonte, as usual, stands high and dry—a very Mount Ararat of safety, but she was on Tuesday cut off from railroad communication in all directions.

—The pupils of the public schools are returning to their duties in the school room.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Fall and winter WOOLENS just received. LEAVE YOUR ORDER NOW AND SAVE MONEY. MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors.

—People who have faithful hens that attend strictly to their duty can make money just now, as eggs are scarce and high in price.

Absurdly Stupid and Foolish

to allow prejudice or ignorance to get the better of good judgment. It has been amply shown and conclusively proven that constipation, bad breath, dyspepsia, kidney affections, and all diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels have been cured by simply taking Simmons Liver Regulator. It is harmless; not unpleasant and easily procured—so there is no reason to be ignorant of a true remedy. If you suffer you have no excuse, for this medicine places certain relief and cure within your reach.

—Prof. A. A. Johnson, the distinguished author and instructor, of Chester, N. J., will conduct a musical convention at Aaronsburg, for the benefit of the Reformed church, beginning on the evening of the 11th inst. and closing with two concerts on the 15th and 16th. All singers are invited to attend. Free entertainment and a copy of the book to be used will be given to each singer upon the payment of 50 cents.

Is there a food specially adapted to nourish the Brain? Thousands of Physicians, Ministers, Lawyers, and Brain workers acknowledge that Vitalized Phosphites is a true brain food, permanently strengthening not stimulating the brain and nerves. For sale by Druggists.

—A notice elsewhere announces a change in the old hardware firm of Wilson, McFarlane & Co. Mr. Isaac Mitchell retires and Mr. J. Kyle McFarlane steps in. The firm will hereafter go under the name, style and title of J. Kyle McFarlane & Co.

Chronic Catarrh.

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in head, was deaf at times, had discharges from ears, unable to breathe through nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured.—C. J. Corpin, 923 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

—The expenses of keeping the poor for month of December, 1885, amount to $200.10. This includes fuel, clothing, and provision. J. M. KEICHLINE, O. P.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you. Try it.

—Among the improvements in the near future for Lemont, is a new house to be built by A. L. Whitehill. The excavation is now finished and a handsome dwelling will be erected next Spring. The stone house Mr. Whitehill now occupies is about 100 years old.

No Boon that Science has Conferred

Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malarial ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but too clearly demonstrated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown that the use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frailest constitution, and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrests it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for general debility and renal inactivity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood, and enriches a circulation impoverished by malassimilation.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the Blood and Stomach ever manufactured."

—An artesian well is just being completed on Major Wm. F. Reynold's farm at Roopsburg. Mr. Samuel Roop occupies the farm and keeps everything in apple pie order.

A COMPLICATION OF DISEASES is the decision of incompetent physicians when a patient has been "killed by drugs." Yes; a complication, indeed, originating in indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney or liver complaint, all of which yield as readily to VINEGAR BITTERS as does the autumn leaf to the gentle breeze. Complications are quickly solved by the BITTERS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The January issue of the *Eclectic* Magazine opens a new volume. Like every preceeding issue this one rivals its predecessor, and promises for the year just dawned an abundance of the most interesting and instructive reading ever given to an enlightened and appreciative people. Nothing crude or "stuffy," like we find in many of our Magazines, contaminate its pages, but it is made up of selections from the very ablest writers, such as Hon. W. E. Gladstone, H. R. FoxBourne, Sir John Lubbock, Prof. Sonnenschein, Miss Gordon Cumming and many other equally as eminent and popular writers. This number is a fine example of a magazine which stands at the very tip top of literary work. E. R. PELTON, New York.

We have just received a copy of Number Five of "THE EUREKA RECITATIONS AND READINGS," compiled and prepared by Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, whose reputation is unequalled as a writer of standard works on, and teacher of the art of Elocution. This work is designed for the use of Day and Sabbath-schools, Associations, Reading Clubs Societies, Entertainments and for all kinds of Young People's Organizations. It is especially adapted to children from six to fifteen years of age. They comprise Prose and Poetry—Serious, Humorous, Pathetic, Comic, Temperance and Patriotic. Each one contains 128 pages, with nearly one hundred selections. One copy mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in stamps, or one each of the five numbers for 50 cents. J. S. OGILVIE & Co., 31 Rose Street, New York.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET completed its 14th year with the December number. On the first page is represented "Santa Claus as a florist," followed with an article by F. Lance treating of the incorrect naming of plants offered for sale. A minute description is given of the Chrysanthemum,—Wm. Falconer giving directions for growing the seedlings, and E. L. Taplin, in the "Mikado's Flower," describes some beautiful varieties.

As premiums for 1886 will be given ten packets of choice flower seeds or a bulb of the *Tigridia grandiflora alba*, or a bulb of the *Amaryllis rosea*, either of which go free to any subscriber requesting them.

We have arranged to give our readers the benefit of the *Floral Cabinet* and its premium flower-seeds or bulbs at a combination rate quite favorable i. e., $2 90 for our publication, and the FLORAL CABINET with choice of premiums. If any reader wishes to examine a copy and get details of premiums before subscribing, send 6 cents, mentioning this offer to the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, 22 Vesey Street, New York.

Bellefonte Markets.

BELLEFONTE, January 6, 188

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed Wheat	80
Buckwheat	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Oats	30
Clover seed, fair to good	$4 25
do prime to extra prime	4 75
do choice	5 25
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 20
Flour, wholesale	4 25
Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected by Valentines Store Co., "Limited."

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Cherries dried, per pound, seeded	12
Dried currants, per lb	10
New raisins, per lb	12½
Beans per quart	5
Fresh butter per pound	20
Chickens per piece	25
Cheese per pound	18
Country hams per pound	13
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12
Country Bacon	10
Lard per pound	10
Eggs per doz	30
Potatoes, per bushel	40
Dried beef	20
canned Beef per pound	25
Country side, per lb	8
Canned tomatoes per can	10—12½—15
Canned corn "	10—12½—40
Lemons per doz	30
Dried sweet corn per pound	10
Apple butter, per gal	40
Turnips, per bushel	25
Cranberries, per quart	10
Buckwheat flour, per ½ sack	80
Roller flour, per sack	1 35

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 17 17 1y

ELY'S Cream Balm CATARRH

when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

Apply a particle of the Balm into each nostril. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at drug sts.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

18 1 4t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that James S. Cross has made application to the Secretary of Internal Affairs for one hundred and fifty (150) acres of improved land in the township of Half Moon, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the east by survey in the warrantee name of Samuel Bryon, on the south by Samuel Bryon and James Cross' improvements, on the west by George Fisher, on the north by Henry Stevens and Miller's heirs and James and Henry Lytle.

Vol. 17—No. 51—3t. JAMES S. CROSS.

Celebration of the Epiphany in Rome.

In Italy as in France, Christmas is not celebrated to any extent. The great holiday is New Years. Following the custom of his ancestors the modern Italian makes presents to his relations and friends on New Years, instead of on Christmas, as in Protestant countries.

To the tourist in Rome the celebration of the Befana (Epiphany), the 6th of January, is unusually interesting.

Christians celebrate it in commemoration of the appearance of our Saviour to the Magi, or philosophers of the East, who came to adore Him and make Him presents.

As feted in Rome it is undoubtedly a relic of the Saturnalian or Bacchanalian fetes.

He who has not been present at one of these fetes can have no idea of the diabolical hallabaloo which the Romans make on Epiphany night.

Imagine a very large oblong square, Piazza Navona, in the heart of Rome.

On the one side is the St. Agnes church, farther back the stately pile Palazzo Braschi, in the middle of the square the giant fountain, (by Bernini), with four colossal statues chained to it representing the four river gods, the Danube, Ganges, Nile and Plata, the majestic red sandstone obelisk, and on either side two monster mouths belching great streams of water into the vast basin.

Lengthwise of the Piazza Navona, a distance of about seven hundred feet, are two lines of temporary booths, erected especially for this fete, in which toys and trinkets of all kinds in tempting display are exposed for sale. The richest choice is, however, in whistles and trumpets; for, as in the closing hours of the Carnival, on Taper evening, the cry is, "Morte a chi non ha moccolo!", ("Death to the one who has no taper"), so in this fete night the popular exclamation is, "Morte a chi non fischia" (Death to him who does not whistle.")

The extensive Piazza, then, is crowded from night fall on all through the night by a good natured, bent-on-fun, generally well dressed throng of il popolo, with a spice of ladies and gentleman, there to see the fun.

A species of boisterous frenzy, a harmless lunacy appears to take possession of every one and everybody rushes in every direction, making as much blare and tumult as possible by blowing whistles or trumpets, or by beating vigorously tin pans, or kettles or drums. Among the implements used to make all this din of bedlam, I remarked some square, empty, tin, petroleum cans, bearing a prominent New York Refining Company's name hung round the neck by a cord, and able bodied men were beating as earnestly as if the fate of the Eternal City was depending upon their doing well their part.

The rivalry is to see who can make the most noise. The goal of this impetuous fun appears to be reached when one can shriek in the ear of a passer-by and startle him. To get angry would be to expose one's self to assault.

This Saturnalia lasts all night and ends in the inebriation of the multitute, from the numerous "splicings of the main brace" in the neighboring bettole, or drinking saloons.

A rousing serenade, as we understand the word, compared with this, would be but as a zephyr to a cyclone.

Sleep is a stranger to those who live in the vicinity of Piazza Navona, and so these spend the night with their fellow citizens in the mellow, Winter air (mild as our April weather) where, beneath the star-studded Roman sky, the crazy Romans and their heathen fete exert an influence and leave an impression on the "looker on in Rome" not easily forgotten.

At the corner of Palazzo Braschi, above referred to, stands the celebrated statue Pasquino, before whose caustic jests popes and princes have trembled.

It is here, that those who, excluded from expressing their opinions in the press, placard their written papers containing satirical jokes and philippics, usually against the kings or local officers, but often, also, to vent petty spites against personages of lesser magnitude.

In one on the French, when in 1867 they occupied Rome as peacemakers, the caustic jester said: "The French are all robbers. * * * Not all—but *Buono parte*," (a large portion).

The following was on Leo X: "Do you ask why Leo did not take the sacrament on his death bed? He had sold it." WM H. HASTINGS.

Bellefonte, Jan. 5th, '86.

—Prof. Christie, the efficient and gentlemanly principal of Lock Haven's school of business, usually contrives to visit Bellefonte at this sason of the year to make the acquaintance of the Centre county teachers. He is very well acquainted with many in this county from the fact that, although his excellent school is quite a modern institution, already numerous young ladies and gentlemen from Centre county have acquired a business education there. The school has a larger number of pupils this Winter than at any former period of its existence.

—Mrs. Eliza Barnes, widow of the late John Barnes, died at her home at Pleasant Gap, on Tuesday evening at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock. Her death was very sudden as she was ill only a few hours. She was 68 years of age, and a lady who was held in high esteem by all who knew her. No arrangements for the funeral have yet been made.

Philipsburg Again.

A number of English folks from the mines gave our citizens a singing serenade on New Year's night. They are splendid singers, and are taking this method of raising the "stuff" to purchase an organ for their Sunday school.

That engine went right through the engine house—walls and all, on Friday morning, at the B. C., C. & S. W. R. R. station at this place.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah Runk, of South Centre street, which occurred on Wednesday, was largely attended. She was a very estimable lady, and will be much missed by her numerous friends and acquaintances. She was a member of the M. E. church.

Miss Susie Lindsay is at her home in Huntingdon, visiting her mother, and numerous friends.

Charley McGirk is spending a few days at his home in this place. He is a student in the Normal school at Carlisle.

Miss Mary Evans, daughter of Rev. W. W. Evans, spent the holidays with her parents in this place.

H. H. Bair and W. L. Bair, both of the *Journal* force, have returned from a Christmas tour. The former took in Cleveland, Ohio, the latter New York City.

Can't the fast driving through town be stopped before somebody is badly injured, or perhaps killed?

Now the holidays are over get down to business again.

The wrestling match in the skating rink on Tuesday evening between Taylor and Chapman, was easily won by the former. Chapman has nothing to say now.

A champion wrestler from Altoona witnessed the match in the skating rink the other night. He was the guest of Prof. John Aikens during his sojourn here. John knows how to entertain his old chums when they come to see him. Eh, John?

New Year's day was delightful—just like a spring day, as it were, so to speak.

Only one general merchandise store kept open on Christmas day in this place. We wont mention any names, but—

Some of our young men have swore off—till the next drink.

T. J. Clery, the efficient and popular "knight of the razor," of Clearfield, was in the city on New Year's day. He is a good fellow, and is always welcome here.

There isn't a more prompt or regular daily paper comes to this place than the DAILY NEWS. It is here every evening chuck full of news, and is a welcome visitor to many of our citizens.

Mr. C. G. Hirlinger, the clothing merchant, is, we are sorry to say, quite ill at the time of this writing. We did not learn the nature of his illness.

Mattie Vick's company will play "Paste or Diamonds" in the opera house on Wednesday evening. She has been here before, and needs no comment from us.

Mrs. Robert Manley, who has been sick for some time, is much better.

A green Christmas and New Year this time.

W. T. Bair, ye editor of the *Journal*, has one of the largest as well as the finest collection of curiosities, minerals, etc., we think, that can be found in this section. He is adding daily to his now large cabinet.

Mitchell, the efficient scribe, accompanied by his best girl, gobbled the greater part of a gobbler at his home in Clearfield on Christmas day. Well, that's all right, Howard, may you live many more years and still be able to gobble more turkey. SOME ONE.

"Corporal" Sends us the News.

STORMSTOWN, Jan. 1, '86.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: It has been so long since I have written you a letter that I have almost forgotten how (if I ever knew.) News is very scarce up here at present and very poor material to manufacture any out of.

Last Sunday the remains of Mr. Henry Brindle, who kept the boarding house and was formerly a boss at the Juniata mines, were laid to rest in Gray's graveyard. He had been ailing for some time and appeared to obtain no relief from any medical aid. Dr. Tobin, of this place held a post mortem examination and found his liver in a terrible condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Griffin, of this place, buried their little boy baby yesterday, Dec. 31, aged 9 days.

Capt. Hunter has erected a neat house for his farmer.

Capt. VanValin, of Peters Brothers Post, of Unionville, was here two weeks ago and inspected this post. Time de le gently with the Captain and I trust it may always do so, as he is one of the men that it makes one glad to take by the hand. The W. I. Furst Post, No. 419, of this place, will hold a public installation of officers on Saturday evening, Jan. 2. This post has over fifty members and one of the finest rooms in the county, handsomely furnished and nearly paid for. This speaks well for this post, and I shall speak of this post in connection with the citizens of this valley in the future.

Scotia has been shut down for a week to give their men a little recreation, as it were, during the holidays.

I had quite a pleasant chat with Wm. Goyer Mattern, of the firm of Mattern & Gray, at Benore, the other day, and oh, the mustache! The mustache just started the day that Mr. Quay knocked Daylights out of the Democratic party.

There appears to be a great many shooting matche through this section of the country this Winter. Mr. Crider Mattern, of Buffalo Run, has the boss dog—Russian blood-hound, six months old, and cost $30. Will it be worth $60 when it is a year old?

Dr. T. Tobin, of this place, and old Capt. Alcohol had a fearful set-to in the church here some time ago. The first round the Doctor sparred cautiously till he found an opening and let drive with his right knocking the old Captain nearly over the ropes. The second round was a repetition of the first. When time was called for the 3d round the Doctor appeared fresh and active as at the beginning, except his wind, while old Captain, who nearly everyone thought was knocked out, let drive with his left and countered with his right and struck the Doctor a fearful blow square in his revenue, when the Doctor went heavily to grass. When time was called for the 4th round the Doctor failed to respond Time, 35 minutes; Referee, J. H. Lever; time keepers, H. G. Elder and William Wike. I understand the Doctor has gone into training and will tackle the old Captain in the near future. "So moit it be."

Times are very dull and money scarce through this section of the country at present. This is the reverse of what our Democrat friends told us last fall. Honest government, plenty of work and wheat at 80 cts. per bushel. But where oh, where is the 80 cents? is what I would like to know unless Morrison sent Hurd after it and the scoundrel has never come back yet CORPORAL.

Impressions Made by Time.

Time, the great tomb-builder, never lingers, never tarries, but hurls the moments away so silently, so rapidly that, ere we grasp them, like the gay butter fly, they have winged their onward flight The winds and the waving pines have chanted another funeral dirge over the grave of the departed, for another pearl has dropped from life's jeweled casket and another year lies low in its winding sheet of delightful memories—a year mingled (like its grand sires) with joy and sadness, sunshine and shadow. It has left its impress on some hearth, some cheek, some heart.

Whilst many of us have been enjoying the comforts of life and the blessings of home there has been much suffering abroad. Destructive fires have rendered many homeless. Fearful cyclones have visited sections of our country. Many vessels, launched in all their pride and strength upon the bosom of the great deep, now slumber with their ill-fated crews and cargoes beneath the murmuring billows.

Armies in foreign lands have been arrayed against each other in mortal combat, leaving scores of England's and Egypt's, as well as Servia's and Bulgaria's, noble sons lifeless upon the field. Epidemics have scoured our own and foreign lands.

Vast numbers of hardy miners have been entombed while obtaining earth's treasures, without so much as wafting a hasty adieu to those they loved.

China, too, has added her bloody conflict to the list of horrors.

All over our fair earth the pale-faced reaper has been busy. Many of the good, the gifted, the noble, have in a twinkling been called from works to rewards. Much indeed has been buried with the last echo of the departed year; yet, our mercies have been great, our blessings many, and we have much, very much for which we should feel thankful. A feeling of comfort steals over us when we reflect that our Father destroys but to ennoble; that he severs golden links, but unites them in a "home not made with hands eternal in the heavens." With these consoling thoughts we bid our old friends adieu and welcome the new year with bright hopes for the future; ever hoping, ever trusting that it will be a period of great advancement to all nations.

Medical.

THE WONDER

Is becoming universal as to how such an immense sale could be created in Lowell for HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. But, my friend, if you could stand behind our counter a week and hear what those say who are using it, the reason would appear as clear as the noon-day sun. The real curative power of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA demonstrates itself in every case where *our directions* are faithfully regarded. We would that we might get before the people a fractional part of the confidence that is expressed to us every day in this medicine by those who have carefully noted (without prejudice) its effects upon the blood and through that upon the whole system, stimulating all the functions of the body to perform the duties nature requires of them. Try a bottle and satisfy yourself.

Cold Hands and Feet.

LOWELL, Feb. 3, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO.: Gentlemen—About one year ago my daughter commenced taking your Sarsaparilla. At that time she had very little appetite; could take no long walks, and her face was badly broken out with a humor. She was low-spirited, troubled with cold hands and feet; her blood seemed to be poor, and she was in a condition which caused us great anxiety. After taking one bottle of your Sarsaparilla she began to improve; and she now has a good appetite and can take much longer walks. Her humor is nothing compared with what it was one year ago. She is in better spirits, is not troubled with cold hands and feet as previously. And I attribute this improvement in her condition largely to your Sarsaparilla. She has taken six bottles, and intends to continue its use. I was inclined to oppose the trial of it at first. I now have great faith in it as a blood purifier. Very truly yours,

A. L. HINCKLEY,
No. 264 Broadway, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. Price $1; or six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

H. K. Hicks & Bro., Hardware and Stoves.

FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

WE OFFER A

FINE LINE OF GOODS.

Buy something for Presents that will be useful in the Hardware Line, so that your friends will remember you every day until the following Christmas.

OUR IMMENSE STOCK IS TOO LARGE TO ENUMERATE BUT WE WILL GIVE YOU A FEW POINTERS.

WE HAVE A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

LAMPS

Both Hanging and Standing. Three different make of ELECTRIC LAMPS, and we call your special attention to the

NEW BURNER

we have that can be attached to any ordinary hanging or stand lamp so that you are not compelled to buy a new lamp in order to have the best light in the world. It is **60 CANDLE POWER**, 7 times the power of an ordinary burner. It gives a beautiful and white light. There is such a demand for this burner that the manufacturers are away behind their orders We have an order in that will take its turn. Those desiring one or more of these burners are requested to leave their order with us. We have them on exhibition, and when the goods come they will also come in turn as their names appear upon our list. All of our first invoice is now in use.

A FULL LINE OF

CUTLERY, SILVER-PLATED WARE, PEN AND POCKET KNIVES, CHILDREN'S SETS, TOY BANKS WITH COMBINATION LOCKS, SLEDS, WAGONS, SKATES, SLEIGH BELLS, BIG STOCK ROBES AND BLANKETS, A FINE LINE OF HARNESS, GUNS, REVOLVERS, and we might say a

Thousand Other Articles

which would make very appropriate presents.

ALL PARLOR STOVES AT COST FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON, AND COOK STOVES AND RANGES VERY LOW.

We have ZINC BINDING FOR OILCLOTHS to protect the edges from wearing out. Cut to lengths, ready punched, with corner pieces.

OUR MOTTO IS: SMALL PROFITS, QUICK SALES, AND FOR THE CASH.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

Hardware of Every Description.

STRONGLY MEDICATED AND PERFECTLY HARMLESS. PARKER'S AGUE INSOLES A SURE PREVENTITIVE AND CURE FOR **COLD FEET** PRICE 75¢ PER PAIR FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND SHOE STORES. PARKER MED. CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS ST LOUIS MO

For sale by F POTTS GREEN, High St., Bellefonte, Pa.

New Advertisements.

STRAYS.—At Jno. I. Thompson. Martha Furnace, Centre county, Pa., one year old calf, red and white, no ear marks, and one year old brown calf, with ear marks; looks like a dog had torn them. Both came to my premises last June, 1885. Owners will come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.
18 1 JNO. I. THOMPSON.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, trading in hardware under the name of Wilson, McFarlane & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Isaac Mitchell retiring from the firm. The business of the firm will be liquidated by Robt McFarlane.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 4, '86. ROBT. McFARLANE. ISAAC MITCHELL.

The business will be continued under the style of J. Kyle McFarlane & Co., at the same stand, Humes' Block Allegheny St. J. K. McFarlane has been admitted to an interest. 44 3d&w

A Card.

I have this day sold to Messrs. J. S. Waite & Co., of Tyrone all the Conkling wagons I now have on hand (some twenty five in number). I will, in the future, not engage in the sale of these wagons and bespeak for Messrs. Waite & Co. a liberal patronage in Bellefonte a vicinity, where they will soon open an Agricultural Implement Store.

LAWRENCE L. BROWN.
Bellefonte, Dec. 31, '85. 18 1

FREE D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED **SEED ANNUAL** FOR 1886.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 150 pages, 800 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and reliable directions for planting all varieties of VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan

18 1 6t

DYSPEPSIA—Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. By JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years TAX Collector. Sent free to any address. 18 1 4t

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City. 18 1 4t

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

8 1 4t

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

18 1 4t

1886—New York Herald—1886

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Read by 175,000 families every week.

Independent and Universal

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Special advantages for advertising municipal and legal notices; also for dry goods publishers, real estate, agricultural implements and general trade announcements.

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Contains Twenty-four hours Later News each week than its Contemporaries.

Special Cable Despatches

By the Bennett-Mackay Cables. As these cables connect directly with the Herald office, the foreign news cannot be tampered with before reaching the public.

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Is a special feature of the WEEKLY HERALD, and is epigramatic, choice and interesting.

Cartoons, Political and Social,

Prepared by De Grimm and other artists.

A Perfect Newspaper.

It contains all the general news of the daily edition of the HERALD, which has the largest circulation in the United States.

Independent in politics, it is the most valuable chronicle of political news in the world, impartially giving the occurrences and opinions of all parties, so that all sides may be known.

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The Farm Department of the WEEKLY HERALD is practical. It goes to the point and does not give wild theories. The farmer will save many more than one dollar a year from the suggestions of the Farm Department alone, concerning soil, cattle, crops, trees, buildings, gardening, poultry, and agricultural economy.

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Includes the preparation of new and palatable dishes, furnishing, deportment, decoration, &c; also the fashions at home and abroad. The latest inventions in sanitary and social science, special literary compositions, poetry, and a

Serial Novel.

Select Sermons each week by eminent clergymen, and general church intelligence. In addition are given latest reports of trade and

Stock and Produce Markets,

The condition of money, wit and humor, sporting news, the doings of well known persons, a department devoted to the dramatic and lyric stage. The WEEKLY HERALD is a great journal for the family.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address NEW YORK HERALD, Broadway and Ann Street, New York City.

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NEW GOODS

FOR THE

Winter Trade!

Fresh arrivals every day

FINE FLORIDA ORANGES.
BRIGHT NEW LEMONS.
CHOICE WHITE GRAPES.
NEW CROP FRENCH PRUNES,
FIGS, DATES AND PRUNELLES,
FINEST CLUSTER RAISINS.
PRESERVED CITRON.
LEMON PEEL.
CURRANTS and BAKING RAISINS.
EVAPORATED PEACHES & PEARS
ALMONDS and ASSORTED NUTS.
AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LINE OF PURE CONFECTIONERY AT CITY PRICES.
CLEAR CANDY TOYS.
MOLASSES CANDY (or TAFFY) MADE BY OURSELVES. ALWAYS FRESH.
CALIFORNIA FRUITS, Canned and Evaporated.
PURE HONEY in pint and quart jars.
NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, roller process.
CRANBERRIES, Sound and Firm.
PLAIN & FANCY CRACKERS.
FINEST FULL CREAM CHEESE.
PURE SUGAR TABLE SYRUPS.
A FULL LINE OF NEW CANNED GOODS.
PURE WHITE ROCK CANDY in half gallon and one gallon cans.
PURE MAPLE SYRUP in quart and half gallon cans.
FINE, FRAGRANT TEAS.
PURE SPICES. You can depend on our ground pepper for butchering purposes. It is strictly pure.
FRESH SHELL OYSTERS opened to order.

ALL OUR STOCK IS NEW AND FRESH.

CALL ON US FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT IN OUR LINE.

SECHLER & CO.,

GROCERS,

Bush House Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

The Latest News from Ireland.

LONDON, December 31.—When the Orange grand lodge of Ireland, on the 21st inst., issued its manifesto appealing to religious prejudices to defeat home rule, the Parnellites set to work to counteract it by vigorous missionary work among the Protestant clergymen of Ireland. Private letters and printed circulars were sent to them, in which the arguments in favor of home rule were temperately but forcibly set forth. They were shown that the movement was purely non-sectarian and were asked to use their influence to prevent the stirring up of sectarian strife which has resulted in many scenes of bloodshed in the past, and which, if renewed, could only result disastrously to the Protestant minority. They were also cordially invited to join the ranks of the home rulers for the benefit of their example to their parishioners, and were assured of the most courteous and considerate treatment. The result of this propaganda has been that several Protestant clergymen have publicly announced their adhesion to home rule principles and the movement gives promise of spreading extensively.

Thinks There Will be a Big War.

LONDON, December 30.—Mr. Charles Williams, the special correspondent who has been reporting the Balkan war for the cable news, has returned to this city, and is profuse in eulogies of the Bulgarians' fighting qualities. While in Constantinople last month, Mr. Williams met General Lew Wallace, the ex-United States minister to Turkey, who related a significant conversation he had just had with the sultan. His majesty was full of gloomy foreboding as to the outcome of the eastern problem and the fate of his empire in Europe. He said that a general European war would probably occur as soon as the weather moderates sufficiently next spring to make it suitable for campaigning. In that case he believed that Turkey would inevitably suffer. Regarding the decision of the powers in favor of the Bulgarian union, he remarked that every slice of territory taken from Turkey diminished her fighting strength, and at the same time time reinforced her enemies. General Wallace differed from the sultan on this point, and said he thought that events were proving that the Bulgarians would instinctively turn to Turkey, preferring Turkish rule to Russian despotism.

Detroit May Witness a Riot.

DETROIT, December 31.—The police are in readiness for trouble in the Polish quarter at any hour. While to-morrow is generally believed to be the time when watchfulness will be most needed, the officers are on duty to-night and have on hand a supply of stretchers and other things needed in the event of a serious disturbance. The militia will be called out if necessary and the companies in this city are under orders to report at once on the ringing of the fire bells. To-morrow being a holiday makes the danger greater. It is thought that the knowledge that the militia are under orders for action may prevent an outbreak. The bishop is out of the city but Father Kalasinoki is here and the feeling of the church is as high as ever.

They Call it a Big Battle.

LONDON, December 30.—General Stephenson, commander-in-chief of the British forces in Egypt, in a dispatch to the war office, dated at Kosheh and sent via Alexandria, announces the capture of Ginnis, a town on the Nile, a few miles above Kosheh, held by El Mahdi's followers. In this dispatch General Stephenson states that the place was occupied by the British after three hours' desperate fighting, in which the rebels lost heavily. "The enemy," concludes the dispatch, "was wholly routed, and retreated in great disorder. Our cavalry pursuing captured two of their guns and twenty banners. We lost one officer, and twenty-one of the men were wounded. The Egyptian allies lost six killed and thirteen wounded."

Blew His Brains Out.

NEWPORT, R. I., December 30.—Lieutenant Jones, of the Fourth United States artillery returned to duty at Fort Adams last night, having overstayed his leave of absence about a week. This preyed upon his mind, and rather than submit to a court martial and its disgrace he decided to die. Early this morning, after reporting for duty, he returned to his quarters and shot himself in the head with a revolver, the ball entering his brain. His death is hourly expected He was a popular young officer and unmarried. His relatives and friends reside in Cincinnati. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the garrison at Fort Adams.

A Volcano.

CITY OF MEXICO, December 30, (via Galveston).—Great excitement prevails in the state of Colima over an erruption of the volcano of Colima. Four days ago loud reports were heard and these were soon followed by eruptions of lava, which flows over the sides of the mountains, completely covering them. At last accounts the people were very much alarmed, as the flow of lava continued. A white cloud overhangs the mountain, and on it are reflected flames darting up from the crater.

Ridiculed by Parnellites.

LONDON, January 1.—The Parnellites ridicule the letter of Earl Cowper and the speech of Mr. Trevelyan, in opposition to home rule. They say that neither of these men is likely to have been taken into Mr. Gladstone's confidence in his arrangement of a settlement and that both admittedly failed in their administrations of Ireland. The only ones who praise Trevelyan's speech are the tories, who hail him as a recruit for the anti-Irish coalition.

Another Riot at Montreal.

MONTREAL, January 1.—The health officials last night barricaded the adjoining municipalities of Conegonde on account of the prevalence of small-pox. A mob of about 2,000 gathered and threw the barricades down and drove home the police. The military were ordered out and quelled the riot.

VIRGINA.

ITS INSTITUTIONS AND PEOPLE.

4.

Surry county was once the home of Gov. Harrison, the father of President Harrison, who was elected President in 1840. He was born, lived and died on his ancestral estate, except whilst serving one term as governor of his native state, so we are informed from a marble slab over two graves in a thick copse of woods on what was once the Harrison estate. A branch of the Harrison family still retain their positions in Prince George county, that were secured them by the government of Jamestown Colony after Beacon's rebellion.

Beacon's Castle, the residence of the usurping governor, and built by him when acting as chief executive of the colonists, is yet standing in a good state of preservation and occupied as a dwelling, whilst Jamestown itself,—is blotted out of existence as a city,—only a pile of rubbish and decaying bricks, the remains of the church in which Pocahontas the Indian maiden, was baptised and married, is all that is left to mark the spot of that once flourishing and celebrated capital of Virginia. The land on which the city stood is now owned by heirs of one Major Allen, dec'd, who furnished the railroad iron used in plating the celebrated Merrimac. The place is now nearly all forest and the celebrated Major, that once owned it and two other plantations of thirteen thousand and six thousand acres each, as well as nine hundred and ninety-five colored slaves, died in a drunken fit, in an open boat on the James River during a drunken debauch, such is the fate that time reaks upon men and places for wrong doing.

Nearly all the old plantations houses along the banks of the James River, are constructed with large bricks, their being two and one half feet in thickness, brought over from England in primative colonial times more than two hundred years ago. The plantation burial places are now all grown up with large trees, vines, and briars, and time has so defaced the inscriptions on most of the granite and marble slabs that it is impossible to decipher the names once placed beneath them, and whose bodies have long since resolved themselves into the original element from whence they came, Neither can you gain any information from those who now occupy the lands, who they were, or what part of Life's drama they performed while living. Their names, age and lineage are actually blotted out of existence and the places that once knew them "know them no more forever."

Can these strange facts, coupled with the poverty of the soil, and present white residents, be a curse sent of the Almighty upon this country and people, in answer to the cries of their bond-men and bond-women that for more than two hundred years ascended to Him for Justice? If such is the case it is an awful retribution for wrong doing, and those Philanthropists who are now trying to renovate the soil and habits of these people, might as well cease their efforts, for they are fighting against the decrees of the Ruler of the universe, and their works must of necessity come to naught. Everywhere in this section you see the evidence of the final departure of Virginia's former greatness never to return. Her desolated fields, impoverished soil, and white residents, are all accumulated evidences of the great wrong of holding human beings in bondage, whilst at the same time we see these same persons, who were once slaves, and their descendants, rapidly advancing in property, prosperity, knowledge, physical health and numbers.

The political institutions of Virginia, are a mixture of Federalism and caste-aristocracy combined. The cry of "Home Rule" but recently raised by our Aristocrats, was only a howl for the purpose of surpressing democratic-republican institutions, which the National government was compelling the state authorities to accept. The underlying principles of these institutions were fast finding adherents and defenders among the common white people, as well as the colored freedmen, and something had to be done, or the governing powers would permanently pass into the hands of the masses, and the Bourbons be left out in the cold, hence the howl and its echo by their serf and ally, the democratic party of the North.

Through the efforts of Gen. Mahone, Virginia is indebted for her Public School System. Crude as it is, it is better than none, and the best he could get under the circumstances, and which he intended improving as fast as the public mind could be educated in its favor. The necessary funds for conducting the schools are derived from the state by legislative appropriations. This is the weak point of the system, for the House of Delegates need only to appropriate what sum it chooses. The Bourbons now having control of both the legislative and executive branches of the state government, and being opposed to free schools, this branch of educational facilities in all probability, will languish and die for the want of state support. The officers to carry into effect the school laws are all appointed and not elective. The State Board is appointed by the Governor and legislature. This Board appoints the county superintendents. The county board of canvassers, or the returning board of elections, which is also appointed by the State authorities, appoints all the school directors of the county, and these directors, in turn, appoint the teachers of the schools. Not a single officer of the whole system is elected by the people. The counties are often re districted every year. A district may have a school this year, and not another one for two or three years thereafter; yet, by law, each neighborhood that will average sixteen scholars is entitled to a school; "provided there is enough money appropriated by the Legislature to pay the expenses of teaching it," and as there never has been enough funds appropriated in one year to furnish each district, or neighborhood, with a school, and in order to give all districts an equal share of the funds and facilities of education, the continual changing of districts becomes a necessity. We would suggest, for the convenience of the directors, the putting of the districts on wheels, then they could be carted around where needed. The school term averages three months to the year. As in this section there are many more colored people than white persons, the former have the largest number of schools and pupils; hence it is that the whites raised the cry, "down with the public schools! we'uns ain't going to edicate the d—d nigger!" The attendance of pupils is more regular in the colored schools than in the white schools, and the scholars of the former take more interest in their studies than those of the latter. The teachers of the colored schools are all colored men and women, and are graduates of the Normal Training School of Petersburg, Va., and Washington, D. C., which are also controlled by colored people, and in methods of imparting instruction to their pupils are superior to those of the teachers of white schools. The school books used are published in Richmond, this State. No history of the country published in the North is permitted to be taught in the schools of this State. The histories taught are written by Rebel partisans and never admit that the rebels in the late civil war—we should say un-civil war—were ever defeated by the Union troops in a single battle, and states that at Appomatox they were "only overpowered by overwhelming forces." One of these school histories says "That at South Mountain and Antietam the Federals were routed and driven from the field." Of Gettysburg the same history says, "The Federals were severely repulsed and Gen. Lee, having obtained his object, withdrew and leisurely re-crossed the Potomac." These are only a few specimen bricks of the historical knowledge the pupils of our schools are receiving. I remain your obedient servant,

DAN SIMPLETON.

No. 5.

The judiciary system of this State is simple, concise and adequate for all necessary purposes. In the rural districts each county holds "county courts" one day in each month, and that length of time is sufficient to keep the docket clear. For two small counties there is one county court judge, whilst large counties have one judge each. These courts try criminal cases that arise in their respective counties as well as the civil suits, the latter, when the sum in litigation is large, can be appealed to the circuit court, which must hold at least one session in each county during the year, and two sessions if the exigency of the case demands it. The grand jury of the county court is composed of six men—three white and three colored. The traverse jury is also composed of six persons divided equally between the two races. The county judge as well as the circuit judges are all appointed by the Governor and Legislature. The rapidity with which business is transacted in these county courts would astonish both your Court and Bar. Justice is generally meted out even handed to all natives, except when a political case may arise, then the bias is in favor of the Bourbon side. We don't believe there exists in any State in the Union a more upright or fairer-minded judiciary than Virginia can boast of—except where partisan politics might become an issue. In the county courts there are but little or no pleadings done by the attorneys, except in trials for murder. They merely make a statement of their client's case in as few words as possible. The judge generally questions the witness, asking only questions that bear directly on the case at issue, and only examines the important witnesses present. When through with the evidence he instructs the jury what their duty is in the premises, and the trial is over.

There are fewer large and less petty thefts committed here by the colored population than there are in the North among the same number of white people. This may be owing to the fact that the law forever disfranchises a colored man who has been convicted of theft. The colored race here hold the right to vote sacred, and show a remarkable intelligence, considering their surroundings, in casting their ballots; for we have yet to find or hear of a single person among them who vote any other than the "straight" Republican ticket though frequently defrauded out of it after putting it in the ballot box.

The county commissioners, county police, assessors, tax collector, treasurer and clerk of court, for each county, are appointed by the judges of the counties—there being no Associate Judges. The district constable, justices of the peace, district attorney and county sheriff are the only offices the people are permitted to choose by ballot, outside of State senators, house delegates and governor. This is Democratic "Home Rule" from a Southern stand point, and we often wonder how this kind of Democracy would suit the Democrats of your county, who are the servants and allies of Southern Bourbons.

The election machinery is all appointive. The Governor and legislature appoint a State Board of Canvassers. This Board in turn appoints the county returning boards and the county returning board of each county appoint the judges and inspectors of elections and also create the voting districts, which, like the school districts, can be changed annually to suit the caprice of the county returning board. By this means many voters can be deprived of the right of casting their ballots. To illustrate this fact we will cite a few instances that occurred during the Presidential year of 1884, the year the Bourbons had succeeded in getting control of most of the machinery of the State government. The Board re-districted the city of Richmond into voting precincts. As a majority of the colored voters reside near and on the outskirts of the city, one voting precinct was made to reach entirely around the city, and the place of voting was located at the most inconvenient point of access. The result of this piece of Democratic strategy of having "an honest vote and an honest count," was evidenced when the polls of this precinct closed as over five hundred colored voters were standing in line without having voted, whilst hundreds of others were unable to find the voting place. In two precincts in Norfolk county, that are usually overwhelmingly republican, the polls were not opened on the day of election on account of no ballot boxes having been sent them and no officers of the election having been appointed by the Board. This board in selecting officers to hold the elections is compelled by law to appoint one inspector in each precinct from the opposite political party, of which it is composed. In making the selections of that one inspector the most ignorant and illiterate colored citizen of the precinct usually receives the appointment. In furnishing the ballot boxes to the different precincts of the county an extra one is sent with the proper ones. These ballot boxes are placed on a pivot and when a colored citizen presents his ballot at the window the colored inspector takes it, and at the same time the white inspector turns the extra ballot box towards the window and the colored inspector drops the ballot into it, thinking it is all right. When the votes are counted out the ballots in the extra box are thrown out under the plea that they were not deposited in the lawfully labelled box. Of course, some of the colored voters' ballots are not put in the wrong box, for then the fraud would be two transparent, but about one-third of them are so deposited and not counted. These pivotal revolving ballot boxes are considered by the Democrats a great improvement over the tissue ballots. When we asked the question why the colored voter was thusly treated, we were invariably informed by the native whites "that it would never do to let the d——d nigger rule over them." Now, what seems the most remarkable is the fact that these people appear to be conscientious in thinking it their duty to thus wrong, not only the colored voter, but every voter in the country. Many more instances of election machinery frauds which have been brought to our notice might be mentioned, but these must suffice for the present and we may speak more about them in our next if life is spared that long. Your Obedient Servant, DAN. SIMPLETON.

The President Receives.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—The new year opened here with bright, beautiful, mild weather. The grand event of the day was President Cleveland's reception at the executive mansion. The New Year's festivities were brilliantly ushered in by the chief executive, and in accordance with the custom, as old as the mansion itself, the president exchanged greetings with representatives of every nation, and every branch of our own government, the officers, military and naval, executive, legislative and judicial, the veterans of our wars and the general public. Nothing has been left undone to furnish brilliant and suitable surroundings for the notable assemblage, and the scene at the mansion from first to last was one of brilliance and grandeur; its splendor more suggestive of royal display than the tribute of friendly nations to the chosen head of a republic.

The controlling influence in all the decorations and preparations was the President's expressed desire that all innovations and new departures should be avoided, and that in every detail the great levee should resemble, as closely as possible, those that have preceded it. These instructions were applied very strictly to the decorations of the state apartments, the corridor and stairways and the brilliant scene of last New Year's day was almost perfectly reproduced. The approaches to the White House were guarded, and the carriage regulations were enforced by mounted policemen. Under the portico carpet was spread from the steps to the entrance where the crystal paneled doors thrown open and guarded by door keepers in broadcloth and white ties and gloves, led into the entrance corridor. As usual the Marine band in brilliant uniforms was stationed in the main hall.

It is estimated that over 6,000 people shook hands with the president to-day during the public reception. The president lowered the record of handshaking considerably. In eight minutes he shook hands with 274 persons, or about thirty-four a minute. The highest number previously shaken by a president on New Year's day was by Gen. Grant, when he grasped the hands of 28 persons a minute for thirteen minutes.

Fire at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 1.—At 9 o'clock this morning the whole fire department was called out by a fire in Ferry & Co.'s seed store on Lafayette street. The flames spread rapidly, and at this hour the entire building is a mass of flames. The fire was under control at noon after having destroyed D. M. Ferry & Co.'s buildings, White's theatre and the adjoining buildings. Total loss about $1,500,000; insurance on Ferry's building $460,000, and on White's theater $30,000.

To-night the flames are still raging fiercely, but have been confined within the walls of the buildings already mentioned. The single building on the corner of Lafayette and Randolph streets was not seriously injured, but all the rest of the square was a total loss. The burned district belonged to what is known as the Brush estate, having been the site of the old homestead. D. M. Ferry & Co.'s building occupied half the square, being one of the largest in the city. Their seed business was probably the largest in the United States. In the building burned to-day 400 people are usually employed, besides 400 more employed on their immense farms outside the city. It was providential that the fire occurred on a holiday, as otherwise the loss of life would have probably been very great. Definite figures of the losses cannot be given, but the total will reach not less than $1,500,000. The stock alone in D. M. Ferry & Co.'s is estimated to have been worth $1,000,000 to $1,200,000, and their building was valued at $250,000. As to the origin of the fire there are no well devised theories.

The President has Skipped.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 1.—One of the directors of the Lancaster National bank, at Clinton, is authority for the statement that McNeil, the missing president, was at the bank on Tuesday night when he took from the vaults $6,000 in bank notes and $1,000 in gold, a large amount of stock in the Rutland, Vt., marble company supposed to be about $30,000, and a lot of paper signed by himself and held by the bank. It is thought about $30,000 worth.

They Mistook their Man.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 1.—The body of the robber killed by Druggist Kline on Wednesday night was brought to this city Wednesday and identified as that of one Thompson, who had been stopping at the Powell house here for the past two weeks, and who had been under police surveillance since his arrival. On the lining of the his hat were the words, printed in gilt, "New York hat store, Arcola, Ill.," and, it is thought that he came from Illinois. An hour after the shooting a man stopped at a farm house near the village of Broad Ripple and inquired the way to the city. Blood stains were found along his tracks yesterday, indicating that he was Thompson's companion, and that Kline's bullet had taken effect upon him.

Consumption cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetation remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after testing its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 17-46 1y

Brain Products of Pennsylvania.

The following is the official list of patents issued from the United States Patent office to citizens of Pennsylvania on Dec. 29th, '85, reported from the office of Patrick O'Farrell, solicitor of patents, Wash., D. C., who will furnish information to our readers free.

John Bare, Mount Union, assignor to R. B. Bare, Washington, D. C. Nutlock.

A. B. Baum, Grantville, Meat chopper.

A. J. Moxham, Johnstown. Railway switch.

A. J. Moxham, Johnstown. Roll for rolling girder-rails.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by *Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.* No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 17 32 1y

"It fairly Wearies me to Think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c, I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D. New York City.* 17 45 1y

Miscellaneous.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of James H. Smith, deceased, late of Ferguson township, Centre county, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement

J. L. SMITH, *Administrator.*

Tyrone, Blair county, Pa., Dec. 14, 1885. 17 50 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Edward D. Johnson, late of Boggs township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the same are requested to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to

NATHANIEL BEERLY,
HASTINGS & REEDER, Attorneys. } Administrator, Boggs township, Pa.

17 48 6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Thomas Parsons, late of Huston township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.

J. D. PARSONS, W. P. PARSONS, } Administrators, Julian, Centre County, Pa.

December 8, 1885. *17 49 6t

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

17 48 1y

Miscellaneous.

DR. SELLERS'

OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE, 25 CTS.

COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MERCURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

R. E. SELLERS & CO. Props. PITTSBURGH, PA.

17 35 1y

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair, restoring color when gray, and preventing dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 60c. and $1 sizes at druggists.

17 42 4m

A GIFT

Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making *more money* at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work at spare time or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immense pay sure for those who start at once. 17 46 1y STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PERCHERON HORSES.

My recent importation of Percheron horses, together with my present stock of nearly 100 head, make one of the most desirable studs in this country to select from. All stock recorded, with pedigree, in Percheron Stud-Books of France and America. Took 27 prizes and gold medal at last two N. Y. State fairs. Send for Catalogue. Station ESSENDORF, on Southern Central R. R. JOHN W. AKIN, Scipio, N. Y. Box 36. 17 51 26t

I. C. A.

In Come All

TO BUY THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

Buggies, Carriages.

PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS, PHAETONS, HEAVY WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.

Buy direct from the manufacturer and thus secure the advantage of first prices, and of getting a superior article

All Work Guaranteed to be Done in

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Repairing done on Short Notice and at Reasonable Rates.

L. A. POTTORF,

Successor to J. R. BARTRUFF.

Water St., Near Big Spring, Bellefonte, Pa.

17 19 1y

THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT

BookBindery.

The Only Book Binding Establishment in Centre County.

We have purchased an entire new outfit for the Book Binding business, and have engaged one of the

BEST BINDERS

in the State, Mr. JOHN LINGLE, late foreman of the Patriot Book Bindery of Harrisburg, and are therefore prepared to bind all kinds of

BOOKS,
PAPERS,
MAGAZINES,
BLANK BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
LAW BOOKS,
HOTEL REGISTERS,
&c., &c., &c

POCKET-BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, TRAVELING BAGS AND SATCHELS LETTERED.

Old Books Re-Bound.

All binding will be done at our establishment. No work will be sent away for binding. You are thus saved the express charges and commission.

All Work Guaranteed.

ADDRESS THE

CENTRE DEMOCRAT BOOK BINDERY,
HARRIS' BLOCK,
Bellefonte, Penna.

17 41 1y

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

—Whoa, January!

—Don't forget to write it 1886.

—Turkeys continue quite numerous.

—The nights are gloomy and dark at present.

—The Winter at present is open enough to suit everybody.

—Did you drink tea at the Y. M. C. A. reception on Friday night?

—Mrs. Reed of Beech Creek is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Jenkins.

—Have you prepared a number of good resolutions to put in practice to-morrow?

—DeVoe's great storm failed to make its appearance on Wednesday—the day appointed.

—Those who visit the fair in Bunnell & Aiken's old store room enjoy themselves greatly.

—The revival meetings in the United Brethren church have been in progress for two weeks past.

—We regret to learn of the illness of the venerable Joseph Alexander Rankin, of Howard street.

—We learn that No. 198, which drew the beautiful cake chanced off by Ceadar's was held by Mrs. Benner Graham.

—Mr. Gottlieb Haag, who has been ill for several days, is convalesing, and, with proper care, will soon be all right again.

—Mr. Joe Montgomery cut quite an imposing figure Friday evening under that elaborate high hat. Did you see him?

—W. F. Holt, of Snow Shoe, Messrs Jas. A. McClain and Frank E. Bible, of this place, interviewed Lock Haven friends on Thursday.

—Mr. Beck, the barber, has a new register for 1886, and every visitor at his tonsorial establishment is expected to leave his autograph there.

—Mrs. R. A. Kinsloe, and children left on the 5.20 train Thursday afternoon to join her husband in Osceola, where they are now located.

—A freight train was wrecked on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad, near Gardner's station, Wednesday. About 25 or 30 cars were included in the wreck.

—John Sourbeck informs us that he has disposed of three thousand pounds of condensed sweetness in the shape of confectionery since the opening of the Christmas season.

—It is said that the Beech Creek railroad will be sold in May next, the sale to take place in either Lycoming Clinton, Centre or Clearfield counties, through all of which the railroad extends.

—Walter Bayard, the young druggist with the dark and luxuriant beard, went to Philipsburg on Thursday. Walter was wise, as he knew just where he could have the happiest New Years day. We hear it whispered that he will go to California on his wedding tour.

—The funeral of the late Thomas Miles occurred at Milesburg on Thursday morning. The deceased was about 21 years of age and was very well known by all the people of Milesburg and vicinity. Many of his friends in Bellefonte sympathise deeply with surviving relatives to whom the death of the young man was a severe shock.

—The Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona *Tribune* sends to that paper brief mention of the death of Mr. James Christ, who was killed on Tuesday evening December 29 about 5 o'clock, between Sandy Ridge and Powelton. He was an employe of the Lewisburg and Centre railroad, and was crossing the track when he was struck by an engine and killed instantly. He was a young man of about 28 years of age and been married but a short time.

—The first number of the *Dry Goods Chronicle and Fancy Goods Review*, a large and handsomely printed journal published in New York, appears upon our table. We notice the name of Geo. W. Bible as associate editor, which is sufficient to assure its excellence and value. This journal should be of much use to dealers in dry goods or fancy goods. It is issued weekly, each number containing 40 pages, for $4 per year. Publishing house, 143 Chambers Street, New York.

—The dog owned by Mr. Theodore Deschner, the gunsmith, is dead. The animal was accidentally shot by Charley Moore. Charley and his father went out hunting, taking Mr. Deschner's dog with them. Not finding any game to shoot at, Mr. Moore threw up a stone and Charley shot at it. But it so happened that the dog ran after the same stone and the dog and bullet reached the stone at the same time. The bullet did not hit the stone, but it did hit the dog in a vital spot and the canine stretched his length upon the green sod and expired.

—Somebody presented the *Centre Democrat* a lovely white bird on Wednesday. It was the rarest specimen of the white turkey to be found in this vicinity. During Wednesday night it was fastened by a leg in the hallway near the office. Around it was attached the label, "*Centre Democrat*," and a copy of a recent issue of that paper was on its back, the title page of the paper outside. We don't suppose that got away, but if it should be found wondering in the highways or by-ways of the town just appropriate it. The *Centre Democrat* editor has all the turkeys he wants, and he can very easily get along without this one.

WORK IN INSTITUTE.

Solid Instruction and Eloquent Speeches.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

When the train went out over the Lemont road on Wednesday afternoon it was so full of passengers that we imagined that many of the visitors had departed from town. When we reached the Court House at 2 o'clock, however, we found the court room full, many persons standing in the aisles. Hence, we were forced to the conclusion that many people still remained in town.

We found that Prof. Murphy was talking on one of his favorite topics connected with history. While he spoke he wrote on the board the following outline:

WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

I. Biography—Inauguration.

II. Domestic Affairs—1, First Cabinet. 2, Hamilton's Financial Scheme. 3, Seat of Goverment. 4, National Bank. 5, Whiskey Rebellion. 6, Indian Troubles. 7, Admission of States.

III. Foreign Affairs—1, Trouble with France. 2, Treaty with England. 3, Treaty with Spain. 4, Treaty with Algeria.

IV. New Parties.

There was yet more of this synopsis, all of which we are unable to give. But it all means that if the teacher, in teaching history, should take some such general subject as "Washington's Administration" it would be advisable to impress upon the minds of the pupils the events which occurred during that time as is indicated in the sub-divisions given.

An instrumental selection on the piano, by Miss Annie Bible, was followed by an address by Superintendent McCloskey, of Clinton county.

That very sweet song, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," was sung, and then Prof. Kemp resumed his talk on what he said is a very dry subject, "The Perceptive Faculties." He said the faculties of the mind are of three kinds—"Perceptive, Representative and Reasoning"—and he explained the relation of the Perceptive Faculties to the two others enumerated. Among persons whose perceptive faculties are fully cultivated he mentioned Shakespeare and Harriet Beecher Stowe. All the senses may be highly cultivated—the ear, in the case of a musical conductor who may be able to stand before an orchestra of 100 pieces and tell which one strikes a wrong note; the eye, in the case of Hoodin, the magician, who could detect and describe at least 30 objects in a show window after only glancing at them in passing; the taste, when a person can, by merely tasting one among many kinds of wine, tell what sort of grapes the wine is made of, and where they grow. The Professor's concluding remarks illustrated the use of highly cultivated perceptive faculties in learning to read and spell.

A piano instrumental selection was brilliantly executed by Prof. W. T. Meyer, of Shamokin. The young gentleman was introduced by Prof. Wolf as a native of Centre county and a friend not only of him (Prof. Wolf), but also of many others who were present.

Burbank, the dramatic impersonator, was present, and as soon as the applause tendered Prof. Meyer had subsided, Mr. B. was introduced. He delivered an excellent and scholarly lecture on reading, in which he argued from experience that teachers need not aim to make elocutionists of their pupils; that to make them good readers is sufficient. He recited the temperance scene from the third act of Shakespeare's Othello. It afforded him an excellent opportuity to exhibit his powers.

After singing No. 7 of the musical selections, Prof. Houck, Deputy State Superintendent, made one of his characteristic addresses on "Common Errors." He announced his intention to be brief, although his "genial young friend," Prof. Wolf, told him to speak as long as he desired.

Do not, he said, devote all the time to recitations. Cultivate the acquaintance of your pupils. Give them hints on the best way to study their lessons.

Professor Wolf announced two committees, as follows:

On Resolutions—R. E. Cambridge, T. L. Jamison, W. R. Leathers, Misses Rachie Wright and May Clark.

On Nominations—J. H. Oliger, A. A. Pletcher, E. G. Shaffer, Misses Maggie Hanna and Sue Danley.

At about half-past four Institute adjourned.

Burbank, the Prince of recitationists and impersonators, delighted a large audience in the evening. His rare and excellent entertainment will long be remembered.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Those clouds to which we alluded the other day concentrated on Wednesday night and precipitated their moisture upon the frozen earth.

James H. Rankin, Esq., conducted the opening devotional exercises, and "Now thank we all our God" was the selection very appropriately rendered by choir and Institute. Probably because of the unfavorable state of the weather outside, the attendance was not so large as it was on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The temperance sentiment that pervades Institute is very strong and exhibits itself in numerous ways, and the responsive reading selected by Mr. Rankin was replete with the sentiment.

Reporter D. M. Lieb sat in his accustomed position with his back to the fascinating ladies who compose the choir. He knows that if he should look in their direction his natural Meekness would probably prevent him from correctly Read-ing his notes, and then he would probably, in a Short(lidge) time Rank-in with the reporters who do not claim to be as correct as the Bible, as his natural Powers now enable him to be.

Prof. Murphy resumed his instructive lessons on Geography, Maps and their Use, being the division of the subject for his immediate consideration. Every teacher who listened carefully to the talk will hereafter make more efficient use of maps.

When Prof. Kemp once again spoke on the topic of Perceptive Faculties, he dwelt on the use of imagination in learning any of the branches, especially Geography. He suggested to the teachers the advisability of forming miniature facsimiles of certain sections of country with materials, such as clay. The pupil can easily imagine them greatly enlarged and teeming with the populations of those countries. This would be a truly delightful occupation for the pupils. The study of Nature should lead us up to the great Author of Nature.

Hon. Henry Houck occupied a few minutes with a model music drill. It was not of the highly artistic sort, but he very quickly taught the Institute how to sing a lively song about "the good time coming," with the injection oft-repeated to "help it on." The Institute is one of the good things which the Deputy State Superintendent believes the teachers of this county are helping on very efficiently. Of course, he is very sincere when he says that the Centre county schools stand next to those in Lebanon county, and the latter are the best in the State. All the teachers would soon be musicians with Prof. Houck to instruct, although he does not want it known that he gives such instruction.

Prof. Christie, of Lock Haven's prosperous school of business, gave a talk on "Penmanship." The three essentials to be taught are position, movement and form. He does not endorse the use of copy-books so extensively as at present.

The "Essentials of Teaching" was the large subject which Superintendent Houck began to talk about. He says that reasonable scholarship is absolutely essential. He has no patience with the prevalent idea that "anybody can teach school." His remarks about the average *Superintender* and the influence brought to bear upon him to grant *Sartificates* to all were in his usual humorous style.

You have good scholarship, but how are you going to get along without *tact?* inquired the speaker. Then he spoke most forcibly on that, relating instances from his superabundant experience as a teacher and a superintendent.

"There is music in Enthusiasm," he said as he wrote that word on the board to represent the last essential of teaching he was to give before the dinner hour.

Professor Murphy's lectures become more interesting. He has reserved the best wine for the last. Previous to his talk this afternoon he distributed printed slips containing a full outline of the subject of which it treated, viz., Descriptive Geography. The outline, in its elaboration, includes a great amount of information and is very excellent. Miss Meek asked several pointed questions, to which the Professor gave satisfactory replies. The instrumental selection by Miss Bible was applauded, and Miss Waddle, Lock Haven's fair and talented elocutionist, met with a warm reception when she recited a piece entitled "Our Folks."

Hon. D. F. Fortney, President of the Bellefonte School Board, was called on to speak on the subject of School Buildings and School Property. Mr. Fortney is an excellent and very energetic director and he has given the subject some attention. He believes buildings should be erected with an aim to the health of the pupils; that there should be playgrounds around each school house; that shrubbery and trees should be used to ornament the grounds.

On the general topic of Education, he believes an effort should be made to keep a good teacher from year to year. Naturally, such a teacher will go where he can get the best salary, but it will always pay to keep them. The female teacher, he believes, should be paid as much as the male, as she will do work that is just as good.

Then Mr. Fortney launched off into a discussion of all the branches of education—how to teach Geography, History, Reading, etc. He believes that it would be better to provide good miscellaneous reading in the schools, rather than to keep the old and trifling series of readers now in use.

After a musical interval, Superintendent Wolf enforced one of Mr. Fortney's suggestions in reference to a convention to be held by the directors of the county during the time of teachers' institute.

Mrs. Rose J. DeWoodie rendered a selection entitled "Paddy McGuinn to Teddy O'Flynn."

Deputy Supt. Houck led the institute in singing his favorite song, "Help it On," and Dr. Christt made a motion which was seconded and carried that the Superintendent be instructed to call a convention of directors such as was suggested.

Again Mr. Houck took the floor and spoke in favor of the new law. He believes it is much better than the old. It makes the teacher more independent. He would have even more changes in the law and advocated strongly that the minimum school term shall not be less than six months.

The school board is usually composed of representative men. Political parties will quarrel about all the offices except this. They will unite in favor of a good director. The quality of the board controls the quality of the school.

The session of institute on Thursday evening was one of the most lively and enjoyable of the week. The house was crowded to the extent that standing room was at a premium. Every sentence uttered by Deputy Supt. Houck, who was the speaker of the evening, was ful of lively humor. The exercises closed early and many teachers and directors departed on the evening trains.

AN ELECTION.

The officers elected by the Institute for the ensuing year are the following:

President (ex officio), D. M. Wolf.

Vice Presidents, Kate McCormick and A. M. Butler.

Secretary, D. M. Lieb.

Assistant Secretary, Sallie A. Meek.

Committee on Permanent Certificates, G. W. Williams, F. F. Jamison, W. A. Krise, J. M. Furey, Mrs. Rose J. Dewoodie.

NEW YEARS MORNING—THE LAST SESSION.

The New Year began with an exquisitely mild Spring-like temperature, a smiling sky and genial good feeling among all sublunary humanity—literally *sublunary* in this instance as the moon just now is high over head in the daytime.

There was a goodly number of teachers present and Rev. Chas. T. Steck conducted the devotional exercises, reading the 90th Psalm, the Institute uniting with the leader in the reading. He followed with an appropriate and earnest prayer.

The committee on resolutions reported through their chairman, Mr. R. E. Cambridge, as follows:

WHEREAS, We, the teachers of Centre county, with ranks unbroken, by death, have reached *another* milestone in our march; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we recognize in this the hand of a loving Father, and in our hearts we thank Him, and feel that our future work, to be crowned with success, must bear with it a continued recognition of His overruling Providence.

Resolved, That we heartily thank Professors Atherton, Kemp, Murphy, Houck and McCloskey, for able addresses and beneficial instructions given, during the week, and to all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the Insctitute.

We are glad that the right to the use of the Court room by the Teachers' Institute as a county organization was recognized by the commissioners in their careful guardianship of county property.

Resolved, That we recognize in Prof. D. M. Wolf, not only the able officer, but the sympathetic friend, and we feel that our interests are secure in his hands.

The following accompanied the resolutions:

Resolved, That we appreciate the efforts of the County Superintendent in raising the standard of education in issuing Provisional Certificates. TEACHER.

Prof. Kemp wished the Institute "A Happy New Year!" Then he gave them a most instructive talk on Composition and Language, and bade the Institute farewell saying that he had enjoyed his visit greatly.

Rev. Chas. T. Steck, in his admirable manner, told the choir to sing while he was making his selections. Before beginning his recitation he informed the audience that they would be disappointed if they expected anything to laugh at, as that was not in his line. He said that Tragedy is intended to make people think; Comedy to make them laugh. His first selection was from Shakespeare, "Wolsey's Address to Cromwell." By request of Prof. Houck, he recited a selection entitled, "A Leap for Life." Both of these selections were recited in a manner quite inimitable. Musician Houck again led the Institute in rendering, "There's a Good Time Coming; Help it On."

Prof. Gramley offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the course of Reading as suggested by the State Board at Harrisburg, be adopted by the teachers of Centre county.

The resolution was adopted by the unanimous vote of the Institute.

Deputy Superintendent Houck gave a talk on general school management, going over the entire range of school duties. The advice he gave was all so good that we cannot select any special parts of it. He believes that a resolution should have been adopted expressing sympathy for the teachers who failed to attend institute. He would be very glad to know that his institute instruction had tended to elevate the profession of teaching in the estimation of the teachers.

"Touch not the Cup" was the good advice again given musically by the choir and institute.

Supt. Wolf spoke earnestly in favor of local institutes.

Professor D. O. Etters and Mr. J. M. Furey were requested to act as auditors.

Prof. Wolf said a few parting words—That he was pleased with the improvements made in the schools; urged the teachers, to keep their school rooms and *themselves* clean; spoke particularly of the well-kept and neat appearance of the school at Mt. Eagle. It has a fence around it, trees planted in the yard, the walls are papered and there is matting on the teacher's platform.

In closing, the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung and Rev. Steck pronounced the benediction.

—Those talented and musical sisters, Miss Mary Bradley and Mrs. George Bible, sang a duet quite divinely Wednesday evening during the entertainment. Such gifts as these sisters possess are very rare.

Miscellaneous.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th judicial district, consisting of the Counties of Centre and Huntingdon and the Hon. Chester Munson and the Hon. J. R. Smith, Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 2d day of Dec., A. D. 1885, to me directed, for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the peace in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the third Monday of January, being the 18th day of Jan., 1886, and to continue three week, notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 15th day of Dec., in the year of our Lord, 1885, and in the one hundred and ninth year of the independence of the United States.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

17 50 5t

Amputation of the Leg.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. The family physicians refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. *David* KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAVORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. *David* KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.

TO KEEP THE BLOOD PURE is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all *impurities* of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

17—36—1y

Read this Carefully.

The following letter from a well-known Western lady explains itself and is worthy of careful reading:

"I wish to say to the sick and those that are feeble and weak from any cause whatever, that in all the vocabulary of medicines they will find the most virtue and the greatest benefit from Parker's Tonic. I have been an invalid for five or six years past, and given up to die by the most skillful physicians of Kansas and Colorado, but Parker's Tonic has kept me alive, and raised me up after everything else failed. I have organic heart disease, combined with great nervous debility, and have cold sinking spells with no pulse, and the only medicine that will bring on a reaction is Parker's Tonic. I have never known it to fail in curing a cold if taken in time, and it will relieve pain quicker than any remedy that I have tried. I send you this because I would like for others to know how much good it has done me. It is just as good for children. Try it and be convinced."—MRS. D. SCHULTZ, Louisville, Kansas. P. O, Box 92.

PARKER'S TONIC

[Prepared by Hiscox & Co., N. Y.]

Sold by all druggists in large bottles at One Dollar.

17 49 1m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, Saturday January 16 1886, by CHARLES F. BERWIND, ALLISON WHITE, EDWARD J. BERWIND, HENRY S. FRANK and JOHN WHITEHEAD, under the act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "BERWIND WHITE COAL MINING COMPANY," the character and object of which is to carry on the business of mining coal in the counties of Clearfield, Centre, Blair, Cambria and Jefferson, in the State of Pennsylvania, and in said counties to purchase or lease coal lands, to open and work the same, to mine, quarry, ship, transport and buy and sell coal, with power to erect, construct, purchase and own such buildings, machinery and other appliances of whatever nature necessary or convenient in the conduct or management of the said business, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

HENRY C. TERRY, Solicitor,
No. 110 S. THIRD Street, Philadelphia.

A. V. SMITH,

(Successor to Harry Teats & Co.)

GROCER,

61 High Street,

OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE

BELLEFONTE, PA.

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Rogers' Grapoline!

This preparation is a mild and gentle saline cathartic, alterative and tonic. It is most carefully prepared in the form of a snow white powder, containing all the medical properties of the GRAPE and other fruits. It will promptly cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Heartburn Sick Headache, Indigestion and all Inflammatory complaints where a gentle, cooling cathartic is required. Give this remedy one trial and it will convince you of the above facts. Prepared by A. H. ROGERS & CO., Geneseo, N. Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

17 46 1y

Vitalized Phosphites.

HEALTH AND VIGOR FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and the Embryo of the Wheat and Oat.

This is a standard preparation with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders. The formula is on every label. Its chemical composition is superintended by a professor of Chemistry.

As it is identical in its composition with brain matter, it is rapidly absorbed, and quickly relieves the depression from intellectual efforts, fatigue, loss of memory, or mental irritability.

Sleeplessness, irritation, nervous exhaustion, inability to work or study is but a brain-hunger—in urgent cases, brain starvation. This brain nutriment quickly feeds the hungry nerves and restores brain power. It is a cure for nervous disorders and debility in old or young.

BRAIN WORKERS NEED BRAIN FOOD.

Crosby's Vitalized Phos-phites should be taken as a Special Brain Food.

To build up worn out nerves, to banish sleeplessness, neuralgia and sick headache. I have not had a severe headache since I began its use, it was my great trouble before.—*Dr. Guyon.*

To promote good digestion.—*Dr. Pilmore.*

To "stamp out" consumption.—*Dr. Churchill.*

To "completely cure night sweats."—*John B Quigley.*

To maintain the capabilities of the nerves to perform all functions even at the highest tension.—*Ed. Treasure Trove.*

To restore the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over exertion or enervated vital powers.—*Dr. W. S. Wells.*

To repair the nerves that have been enfeebled by worry, depression, anxiety or deep grief.—*Miss Mary Rankin.*

To strengthen the intellect so that study and deep mental application may be a pleasure and not a trial.—*B. M. Cowen.*

To develop good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years.—*Ed. School Journal.*

To enlarge the capabilities for enjoyment.—*National Journal of Education.*

To "make life a pleasure" "not a daily suffering." "I really urge you to put it to the test."—*Miss Emily Faithfol.*

To amplify bodily and mental power to the present generation and "prove the survival of the fittest" to the next.—*Humanist.*

To restore lost powers and abilities.—*Dr. Ball.*

There is no other Vital Phos-phite, none that is extracted from living animal and vegetable tissues.

F. CROSBY CO.,

56 West 25th St., New York.

For sale by Druggists; or by Mail in P. O. Order, Bill or Postage-Stamps, $1. 16 46 1y

Bellefonte Republican,

EDWARD T [illegible] - Editor

Terms, $2.00 per annum in Advance

Local Department.

—Thunder and lightning Monday night.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilbart have returned from their wedding tour.

—Some new paint is being put on the spouting around the depot building.

—Rev. Lambert, of Pleasant Gap, is holding very successful revival services at Rock Mills.

—The Misses Louise and Allie Beck, two young ladies from Tyrone, spent Monday in this place.

—Arrangements are to be made to lay a boardwalk in front of the Derr property on North High street.

—Walter Bayard returned from Philipsburg last Monday, accompanied by Mr. James Laurie.

—Mr. Frank Yealy, formerly a clerk in Harris' drug store and now located in Philadelphia, is visiting in this place.

—From the Lock Haven *Express*: "Mr. Will Curtin, of Bellefonte, is in this city. He looks as if the world was useing him well."

—A seasonable January item—the grass on the lawns is growing beautifully and looked like a bright green carpet this morning.

—The Catholic fair, in Bunnell & Aiken's old store room, is continuing this week. It is a favorite resort in the evening and has been very highly successful.

—Charles Morgan, eldest son of Richard Morgan, had one of the fingers of his right hand painfully injured in a cog wheel at Duncan's Foundry on Monday afternoon.

—Rev. M. B. Laning, pastor of the Milesburg Baptist church, says that the week of prayer will be observed in his church every evening of this week. The members and all others are requested to be present.

—While in Lemont, the other day, we discovered that Mr. Chas. Cook is dealing quite extensively in coal and sells an excellent article very cheap. He was formerly in the mercantile business in that place.

—The ground and buildings belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Mann and to Mrs. Morris, at the northwest corner of the Diamond, were purchased on Saturday afternoon by Mr. E. C. Humes for $7,400.

—Among the business men who are adding to the fame of Lemont by their large business transactions are the Armstrong Brothers. They are dealing in grain and coal, and have an elevator capable of holding 5000 bushels.

—The installation of the officers-elect of George L. Potter Post, Milesburg, and of the Post at Unionville, will occur next Saturday evening. Col. D. S. Keller will be the installing officer at the former post. Both, we believe, will be public.

—The services in the Presbyterian church, on Sunday, were quite interesting, particularly Rev. Mr. Laurie's evening talk on the words found in the 8th verse of the 1st chapter of Daniel. It was listened to with close attention.

—The new depot at Lemont is a very beautiful building, and is a credit to the town and to the railroad company. We wish the Pennsylvania company would favor Bellefonte in the same way. Surely, we deserve it, and we can't help being a little bit jealous of Lemont.

—Mr. Isaac Armstrong's hotel, at Lemont, is one of the best houses of entertainment that place ever held. The traveling public are always welcome and their comfort is carefully looked after when there. Don't forget to call on Mr. Armstrong when you visit Lemont.

—Mrs. Margaret Clemson Henderson died in San Francisco, Cal., on the 21st of December. She was the wife of Dr. M. A. Henderson, formerly of Harris township, this county. Her son, A. Boyd Henderson, Esq., is a leading lawyer in San Francisco, and is recognized as the most prominent editor on the Pacific coast, being editor of the *Daily Examiner*.

—Among the sermons delivered in the various churches on Sunday we hear those of Rev. Chas. T. Steck's spoken of in terms of high praise. While the sermons delivered by this gentleman when he first began his pastorate occasioned much pleasure, the continued and ever increasing high standard of his discourses is quite remarkable. Those who have heard the most prominent and able pulpit orators in the large cities class Rev. Steck among the very best of them.

—Rev. R. Crittenden conducted the Y. M. C. A public meeting at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Judge A. O Furst being unable to do so. The attendance was excellent, considering the inclemency of the weather. Rev. Crittenden rendered the meeting very interesting. Every word spoken by Mr. Crittenden is listened to with attention and profit, because when he speaks the hearer is conscious that he means, and illustrates in practice, every word he says. From such persons the word of reproof and exhortation comes with double power and effect.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION

Of Officers-elect of Gregg Post, No. 95—Other Exercises.

What a large, comfortably, even elegantly appointed room is that of Gregg Post. On Saturday evening it was brilliantly illuminated with electricity and from 150 to 200 ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the installation ceremonies and to listen to camp fire speeches. While electricity furnishes a beautiful light, genial heat is supplied by two of those large, old-fashioned stoves which faithfully fulfill their mission of defying even the coldest temperature.

In entering a meeting of old soldiers one naturally feels some trepidation. It is true the invitations said 8 o'clock, but they read as if there were some preliminary exercises which the public must not witness; and the thought is involuntary suggested—what, if these preliminary exercises are not yet completed and the reporter should be met by a blue-coat with drawn sabre ordering him to advance no further. Neither were we reassured when we saw, first, Gen. James A. Beaver, all radiant in gay uniform, sitting upright and stern. But we advanced and our counter-sign was correct. Soldierly hands motioned us to a seat, and when we looked about the room and saw many civilians like ourself—both ladies and gentlemen—we concluded we were all right and settled ourselves to be entertained.

Col. D. S. Keller was in the chair and Captain Amos Mullen served as Officer of the Day. Every movement of Capt. Mullen is soldierly. The Post was highly honored in having Capt. Austin Curtin, Department Commander of Pennsylvania, as installing officer. Of course, he repeated the interrogatories and gave the necessary instruction in a manner which impressed the officers-elect as well as all present with their true significance, rendering the service interesting. The ceremony is beautiful. The officers to be installed advance before the beautifully-covered altar and, with the right hand uplifted, promise that they will perform the duties devolving upon the positions they assume. Thus were installed: Commander, John Noll; Senior Vice Commander, T. R. Benner; Surgeon, John Anderson; Chaplain, J. A. Woodcock; Officer of the Day, William Fitzgerald; Quarter Master, William Jones; Officer of the Guard, C. P. Stonerod, and Ordnance Officer, James Ginter. One or two of the officers-elect were not present.

The new commander, Mr. John Noll, named Jno. C. Miller as his adjutant, and he was duly installed, and if we may judge by the duties prescribed for his performance half the work of the post devolves on him. He named Robert A. Laird as his sergeant major, and when Quarter Master Jones was told to name a sergeant to aid him he looked toward Comrade J. D. Mateer and called out that gentleman. When the camp-fire exercises began Department Commander Curtin was called on for a speech, and responded. He gave considerable information concerning the G. A. R. in the State and in the country at large. He said that $40,000 had been expended for charity by the order in this State during the past year. The charity was without parade and ostentation, and those outside the order knew nothing about it. The G. A. R. is growing and Pennsylvania is in advance of any of the States. His talk was graced with many touches by true eloquence.

Comrade Girod presided at the organ, playing the accompaniments to "Auld Lang Syne," "Marching through Georgia," and "America," while all present sang those inspiring songs. Mr. Girod also rendered a march of which he is the composer, in honor of Gen. Beaver. It is lively and beautiful. He concluded with an original song.

Speeches were made by Gen. Beaver, Senator Alexander, Comrade J. G. Love, Commander W. C. VanValin, of the Post at Unionville, Comrade J. C. P Jones and Commander Musser of No. 261, Milesburg, and Mr. John A. Daley, of Curtin township. Gen. Beaver particularly urged honorably discharged soldiers who are not members of the Post to unite with it. This point was emphasized by about every succeeding speaker, and when Mr. Daley spoke, in very felicitous and humorous remarks, he frankly avowed that he (an old soldier) can not tell why he is not standing shoulder to shoulder with the members of the Grand Army. All the speakers were entertaining. There seems to be no subject which these old soldiers are so happy in discussing as their experience in camp, and those who are quite unaccustomed to public speaking, vied in eloquence with such trained orators as Beaver, Alexander and Love. It was after 10 o'clock when the entertainment ceased, although the bright flame of the camp fire was still burning high.

—Very little business was transacted by council on Monday night, It would be better if the borough fathers would attend more regularly and take deeper interest in the affairs of their only child—the borough. They should have given it a Christmas present of a few new crossings. Several crossings are needed on Curtin street. The only crossing on the entire length of that street is the one between Wilbur Reeder's house and Robert Valentine's house. People out there have to tramp in mud up to their knees.

Installation of Officers of Logan Grange, No. 109.

On Friday a large number of the granges of the Logan Grange, No. 109, assembled at the meeting house, situated along the pike leading from Bellefonte to Pleasant Gap. The meetings held by these organizations are generally private, but this being a special occasion—that of the installation of officers for the coming year and a feast of good things—our reporter was invited to enter and partake of the numerous dainties—also witnessing the installation ceremonies.

About half-past 10 o'clock the Grange was called to order and the meeting was declared open. After the singing of several pieces of music, accompanied by Dr. Frank Dale on the violin, the chaplain made a prayer. This was followed by the installation exercises. The ceremony was conducted by Mr. James H. Weaver, of Milesburg. Mr. Weaver is a clever gentleman, personally, and an ardent Patron. He has been connected with the State Grange for many years. Consequently he made the exercises very interesting. The ceremony is a very pretty one and illustrates the fact that brotherly love and harmonious action characterizes all the work of the Grange. Mr. Weaver, in his speech, dwelt on the fact that the farmer's occupation is an honorable one and that agriculture was the first pursuit of man. This should inspire man to devote his attention to it with diligence and care. He said that the progress of the Grange during the past year was grandly successful, and he hopes and expects that the present year will make even greater progress in the organization. Mr. John Musser, of Benner township, was chosen master of the Grange.

After several vocal selections the assembly adjourned to meet down stairs, around a large table laden with—with well, everything. This delighted our reporter, for he realized that the practical part of the entertainment, in which he could take part, had arrived. Just mark it down he did not get left.

When the young folks had eaten all that discretion permitted them to they adjourned to the parlor of William Dale's residence. Mr. and Mrs. Dale are exceedingly kind and generous and they exerted themselves to the utmost to provide for the enjoyment of all.

Among the company were three young ladies, and also a bright, accomplished married lady. All the ladies enjoyed themselves very much, and the three first mentioned conversed at great length and with much learning on the subject of young men's mustaches. Their greatest objection to such ornamental facial appendages is that the silken hair gets in their mouths when their lips meet those of the owner of the mustache. Before starting for home they filled their hand-satchels with peanuts and candies with which to feed the conductor, and before the Bellefonte station was reached he was the sweetest man on earth. The assortment of confectionery consisted largely of taffy. Thus ended a very pleasant New Year.

—Dr. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, is no ordinary prophet, but is one of the most learned men in the world in his study of the heavenly systems and his knowledge of their mysterious meaning. His collection of works on this subject is said to be the finest in the world. He believes that the year 1886 will be a prosperous one for all, and especially so for America. There may be a war in Europe, but it will be of brief duration and will accrue to the benefit of this country. It will be one of the last wars ever to occur, as the art of war is about to cease in all countries. The year is to be a remarkable one in the number of discoveries to be made which will contribute to the comfort of humanity. This sort of thing will go on from year to year until soon the way to obtain all needed comforts will be so completely under the control of man that there will be no need of great effort on his part. Man will have absolute control of the forces of Nature. Gold will not then constitute an element of great wealth as man will know the art of manufacturing it. This will continue for 170 years, when, about the year 2055, the world will reach the height of its wisdom. In the natural order of events this cessation of hard work to obtain a sufficiency would tend to an abatement of man's powers, but this, the seventh and last cycle of the world, will be an exception to all others, and about the year 2232 the world will end.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, The Great Ruler of the universe has in His wisdom removed from among our midst our worthy and esteemed member, T. A. Miles,

Resolved, That Citizens Cornet Band, Milesburg, Pa., has lost an active member, that our Band room be draped in mourning for thirty days in honor of our deceased member.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy and condolence to family of deceased, and although they have lost an affectionate son and brother and our band a good and worthy member, yet our loss is his gain.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in Bellefonte papers and copies of same papers be presented to the family of deceased.

CITIZENS CORNET BAND,
Milesburg, Pa.

The Story of a Wedding.

On the 17th of December, the following appeared in the DAILY NEWS:

BELL—CRAMER.—By the Rev. J. Zeigler, at Snow Shoe Intersection, on the 9th of December, A. D. 1885, Harry E. Bell, of Lewistown, Pa., to Minnie Cramer, of Central City, and formerly of New York.

The first surprise which followed the publication of this notice was a denial from Harry E. Bell, of Lewistown that he was married at all. The denial came through the *Free Press*, of that place. The following issue of the *Free Press* again denied it. We awaited developments, and have learned enough to lead us to believe that the man who gave his name as Harry E. Bell, of Lewistown, and who was married under that name was not Harry E Bell at all; but a man named Russell Kinzer, a son of Robert Kinzer, who lives a short distance from Lewistown. This much is due any bona fide Harry E. Bell who may now live in Lewistown.

The man whose real name is Russell Kinzer, but who spent a month or longer in Central City under the alias of Harry E. Bell, made love to Miss Minnie Cramer. He is between 35 and 40 years of age; she is only 17, and, consequently, when the license was procured her mother accompanied her to give her consent to the marriage.

It appears that the couple, after being married remained at Central City until Tuesday morning, Dec. 29. The man Kinzer, alias Bell, represented to Mr. Wm. Teller, the girl's stepfatner, that he was worth $4,000 and that he intended to purchase a lot from Mr. Teller and locate in Central City. He didn't purchase the lot, but instead, on Tuesday, the 29th of December, he borrowed a horse and harness worth $150, from Mr. Teller, and a good buggy from Mr. Teller's son, and bride and groom went out to ride, promising to return. They rode up through the toll gate towards this place and that is the last seen of bride and groom, horse, harness or buggy. They also took numerous valuables from the house and the family are minus several hundred dollars worth by their departure. On Monday Mr. Teller and his son were in this place endeavoring to get some trace of the runaway couple. All the Messrs. Teller want is their property and then the couple can go where they please. It looks as if this Russell Kinzer, alias Bell is an accomplished scoundrel.

John M. Dale, Esq.

The legal fraternity of Centre Co. last Saturday, received an addition to its number in the person of Mr. J. M. Dale., who was formally admitted to practice as an attorney in the several courts of this county, before His Honor, Judge A. O Furst, holding a special argument court.

Mr. Dale is a native of this county, having been reared in the immediate vicinity of the State College, from which institution he was duly graduated with honor. At the close of his college course he registered as a student at law in the office of Messrs. Beaver & Gephart, where, for the past two years, he has patiently and industriously labored to prepare himself for his chosen work. His energy and advancement have been fairly rewarded by his admission to a bar long famous for the ability and learning of its members. "Jack," as he is familiarly known, is a young man of undoubted ability and cleverness, to which he adds integrity and straightforwardness. His many friends throughout the county will join us in hearty congratulations and in wishing him prosperity and success in his profession.

He is not Satisfied.

We have received another note from "Subscriber." He has spent the past ten days in studying "R's" answer to the question propounded some time ago, and now writes as follows:

MR. EDITOR: I have read the reply of "R" to my inquiry with reference to the "2 vessels of water"—but as I apprehend, it does not convey to common minds and does not to mine, a clear and clean-cut answer—and such as will be understood by the masses. I would have preferred that the writer, who is evidently a scholar, had stripped the subject of much of its scholastic verbiage, and confined his reply to the points made, to-wit:

1st, Is the statement made a fact?

2d. If so, explain the cause in a practical manner.

Will the writer kindly boil down his article and give us the result in a more compact form. He says, "I do not realize what I ask." I thought I did; but perhaps I was mistaken and he is correct. SUBSCRIBER.

—The choir which rendered the Institute music so delightfully contributed greatly to the enjoyment of that gathering, and the subsequent events have proved that its members have profited by the instruction given in the addresses that were made. Prof. Kemp's remarks on the Perceptive Faculties chiefly impressed these singers and when they looked across the room at the DAILY NEWS reporter they *perceived* that he has an eye and a capacity for good things that are exceptional. It was not long afterwards that the reporter received a box filled with cake and confectionery from the choir. Now he is wishing with all his heart that choir may have a million New Years, each more happy than the preceding one.

—Good apples are becoming rather scarce.

Installation Services.

A public installation of the officers-elect of Grove Brothers Post, G. A. R., took place in the M. E. church at Howard, Pa., on Saturday evening Jan. 2d, 1886. The following were the officers installed by P. C., E. W. Barry:

Commander—Capt. Henry Holter.
S. V. Commander—Wm. Neff.
J. V. Commander—Michael Holter.
Quartermaster—Benj. F. Holter.
Surgeon—Dr. L. R. Hensyl.
Chaplain—Rev. Owen Hicks.
Officer of the Day—John Holter.
Officer of Guard—William A. Roush.
Adjutant—R. V. Butler.
Sergeant Major—Thos. B. Sanders.
Quartermaster Serg't—James Phesant.

Several ladies and gentlemen sweetly sang some of the old war songs, Mrs. Hicks presiding at the organ. The house was well filled with the friends of the Post.

The Commander called upon Chaplain Hicks who, in response, made an eloquent and interesting address upon the objects and duties of the Grand Army of the Republic. His address was replete with interesting statistical information in regard to past wars and the results flowing from them.

The Commander then called up Col. D. S. Dunham, who responded in his usual style, stating that as long as comrades of the G. A. R. were true to the teachings of the order the influence flowing from it would prevent any rebellion against the constitute authorities of a government by the people, and concluded by calling upon Post Commander Barry, who, it was reported, at one time saved the life of a General. Mr. Barry responded by saying the way he saved a General's life was that when he first came in sight of the "rebs" he and comrades were so frightened that they started for home and the General run after them. Wm Hannon and other comrades told some "war yarns" of huge dimensions which verged on the marvelous, after which the audience were dismissed and Post adjourned.

Officers Elected and Other Business Transacted.

At the meeting of the Logan Hose Company, on Tuesday evening, the election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Thos. Shanghensey,
Vice President, George Schrock.
Secretary, William T. Hillibish.
Treasurer, James D. Seibert.
Chief, C. M. Heisler.
1st Ass't, John George.
2d Ass't, W. E. DeSilva.
3d Ass't, John O'Connor.
4th Ass't, William Glenn.
Plugmen, Mitchell Lieb and Elmer Gen-il.

The company purchased the car works bell for a fire-alarm bell for their hose house. As it will be necessary to erect a tower in which to place the bell an effort will soon be made to raise the money required for such an undertaking. A supper or an entertainment of some kind will be given for that purpose.

One of the Benefits of the Institute.

There is a benefit derived from teachers' institutes which we do not believe that even the teachers and directors have thought of. This benefit is derived by that portion of the public who, while not now actually engaged in teaching, yet are anxious to keep abreast of the times in the methods of imparting instruction. These methods change from year to year, and without doubt the changes constitute radical improvements on old methods. The person, who ten years ago, was thoroughly familiar with the operations of the school room, and who has not kept informed of the changes made in that time, would find much that is new and strange there now. But parents and others who are admitted to these institutes are glad to have the privilege of listening to some of the methods which will be put into use in the schools when their children attend. Thus they can more efficiently aid their children in preparation for the school room.

—Mr. George Meek, in his
Efforts to aspire
Higher and higher,
ordered a collar of an exceedingly elevated style. It was so altitudinous as to resemble a broad cuff rather than a collar. We suppose he wore it on Friday evening, but not having seen it we are unable to describe its effect when it encircled his fair throat.

—The Edgar Thompson blast furnaces at Braddocks, five in number, were banked and closed down for an indefinite period, throwing out of employment seven hundred men. The company offered their employes an advance in wages of ten per cent., but the men refused to consent unless the hours of work were reduced from twelve to eight hours a day.

—The rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association were thronged on Friday evening. Entertaining speeches were made by Gen. Jas. A. Beaver, D. S. Keller, Esq., and others. Mrs. Bible and Miss Bradley sang duets and Miss Annie Bible and other ladies gave piano recitals. The refreshments were abundant and excellant.

—A family reunion was held on Friday at Judge A. O. Furst's residence. Eighteen or twenty relatives were present from a distance and the occasion was very pleasant.

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. Ed. Garman has recovered from his temporary illness.

R. M. Magee, Esq., is still confined to the house by illness.

Mr W. A. Tobias was in town last week, trying to make people believe he is a pedagogue.

Mr. T. N. Magee, of Lamb street, moved his household furniture to Washington on Wednesday.

Messrs. William and David Jenkins, of Milton Pa., are visting their cousin Harry Jenkins of Linn St.

A number of our distinguished citizens dined with Prof. Burbank after the entertainment Wednesday evening.

We regret to learn of the illness of R. M. Magee, Esq. He has been confined to the house for two days past.

Mr. George M. Noll, one of the teachers now located at Milesburg, is at present rendering himself very useful to institute as a member of the choir.

Miss Annie Williams, of Philipsburg, is a guest at the residence of Judge Jno. Irwin. Miss Annie is a very accomplished, agreeable young lady and her numerous friends will be delighted to welcome her.

Eddie Graham, of this place, is now clerking in Thompson's store at Lemont. He is in excellent health at present and is so genial in disposition that he has already made friends among the people of that place.

Mr. Frank Dale, son of Mr. William Dale, who resides near this place, has gone to Philadelphia to attend a medical college. Another son, Mr. William Dale, Jr., will study music at an institution in Selinsgrove, Pa.

Mr. George Cramer, of Osborne county, Kansas, is visiting friends in this county. He has been the guest recently, of Mr. William Ivens, in Lemont. Mr. Ivens' place doubtless seems like home to Mr. Cramer, as it was there he resided when a citizen of this county. Mr. Cramer gives a good report of Kansas.

Howard Items.

Wm. H. Long, of Wm. H. Long & Co., was made exceedingly happy by a holiday gift of a bright new boy baby.

The entertainment given on the evening of January 1st, by the Howard Cornet band, was a success and put many ducats in its treasury.

The revival in the M. E. church under the charge of its popular pastor, Rev. Owen Hicks, has added some twenty members to the roll of the church.

The Evangelical church at Fairview, Howard township, are holding revival meetings, and many have come forward, asking for the prayers of the church.

The lady members of the M. E. church deserve great credit for the exquisite taste displayed in furnishing and fitting up the new parsonage; they raising all the money necessary, as well as doing the labor.

Alderman Robert Haines, of Snow Shoe, paid a visit to his old friends of this place during the holidays. He was warmly welcomed by his old friends, Samuel Brickly, Esq., and many others.

Wm. Jenkins, Esq., of Milton, Pa., will move into the mansion now occupied by Mr. Trafford, on the 1st of April next. He intends making this place his future home.

Jacob Drets, Esq., says he will move back on his farm in the Spring. He thinks farming his place don't "pan out" without his overseership. He is one of the most successful farmers in Howard township.

Bert Poulson, proprietor of the handle factory, has moved into his new house of which Capt. Henry Holter was the architect and builder, and Fred S. Dunham the scenic artist.

Drs. Hensyl and Beck, the two physicians of this place, are being kept pretty busy, as there is an unusual amount of sickness in the neighborhood.

Mr. George Quiggle, Howard's carriage builder, will remove to Philipsburg this week, where he will re-establish his business. He is a first-class workman and turns out durable and beautiful carriages.

—The Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph* says that the meanest thief on record has been discovered after years of patient waiting. The family of Tom Wilbert, who live at the foot of Ninth street, that city, indulged in the luxury of a fat chicken for Sunday dinner. The fowl was correctly basted and stuffed and placed in the oven, there to await the action of the fire. A temporary absence from the room afforded some sneak thief the chance and he slipped in and opening the stove door, stole fowl, pan and all, closed the stove door and made off with his plunder. The family did not discover the loss until they were ready to sit down to dinner.

—The subject of Mr. Steck's lecture on next Tuesday night is "The Problem of Success."

MARRIED.

OSMER—WIAN.—In Lemont, at 7 o'clock p. m., December 31, 1885, by Rev. Chas. T. Steck, Charles H. Osmer, of this place, and Arminta Wian, of Lemont.

GARDNER—SCHENCK.—By Rev. Owen Hicks, at the bride's home, on Thursday the 24th of December, F. Ellsworth Gardner and Alice A. Schenck, all of this county.

LYONS—GARDNER.—By Rev Owen Hicks, at the M. E. parsonage, Howard, Sunday, the 27th, of December, John Lyons and Cora E. Gardner, all of this county.

DIED

HENDERSON.—In San Francisco, December 21, 1885, Mrs. Margaret Clemson Henderson, wife of Dr. M. A. Henderson, formerly of Harris township, this county, in the 72d year of her age.